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The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXI. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1869. NUMBER 1077.

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The Independent.

MY BEES.

AN ALLEGORY.

"OH, bees, sweet bees!" I said, "that nearest field
Is shining white with fragrant immortelles.
Fly swiftly there and drain those honey wells."
Then spicy pines, the sunny hive to shield,
I set, and patient for the autumn's yield
Of sweet I waited.

When the village bells
Rang frosty clear, and from their satin cells
The cinquefoils leaped, rejoicing, I unsealed
My hive.

Alas! no snowy honey there
Was stored. My wicked bees had borne away
Their queen, and left no trace.

That very day
An idle drone who sauntered through the air
I tracked and followed, and he led me where
My truant bees and stolen honey lay.
Twice faithless bees! They had sought out to eat
Rank, bitter herbs. The honey was not sweet.

H. H.

VENICE, ITALY, June 17th, 1869.

THE VIRGINIA ELECTION.

BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

THE Virginia election excites hopes and fears, neither of which may be realized. Although the Democrats had neither principles, party, nor candidates in that election, and the supporters of Mr. Walker unqualifiedly accepted the policy of reconstruction, Democratic presses at the North rejoice over the result as a victory. That it is no victory for the Democracy is clear to the comprehension of all who understand the condition of affairs in that state. Whether or not it shall be made so depends on the future. It may enure to the benefit of the Democratic party; or, by wise and prudent action, it may become the occasion and afford a foundation of a large and powerful political organization which shall fully accept the logical results of the rebellion, restore to the Old Dominion something of what she so madly threw away, and make her what she should be, a great and glorious commonwealth.

There was in Virginia, some two or three years ago, a body of men, consisting mainly of Whigs of the Henry Clay school and a few Democrats, who had not been smitten and stultified by the theories of Mr. Calhoun. These men, though they had engaged in rebellion, were opposed to secession, and regarded with some degree of feeling, not to say bitterness, the leaders who had dragged the state into rebellion. Though they were conservative, and, of course, timid and hesitating, they were willing to accept the situation and the reconstruction act, and unite on a liberal basis to carry into effect this policy of Congress, by framing a constitution, organizing a state government, and sending men to Washington who could take oaths of office.

The legislature was in session when these reconstruction acts were passed. Governor Pierpont was exceedingly anxious not only to reconstruct the state, but to build up a Republican party in favor of granting equal rights to colored men, establishing schools for the education of the children of both races, and fostering internal improvements. Some of the strongest men in the state, in and out of the legislature, agreed with him and were anxious for a movement of that character. Consequently, soon after the passage of the act providing a practical plan for reconstruction, the substance of which was prepared by Chief-Justice Chase, and introduced into the Senate by the writer of this article, Governor Pierpont, with about thirty members of the legislature of the state, invited the writer to visit Virginia and address the people upon the policy of reconstruction. He went; and while there several members of the legislature and persons of influence met at the house of the governor for consultation on the matter of reconstruction and some practical plan of uniting those citizens of the state who were ready to accept the policy of the General Government. It was stated that there were some forty members of the legislature who were ready to join in some such general movement, and the names of several leading men were given who were ready to participate therein.

About the middle of April a meeting of delegates from fifteen or twenty counties was held at Richmond, at which a Republican party was organized and a declaration of principles was put forth. Many, willing to accept the doctrines promulgated, were desirous of having a larger meeting, to be called at a later day, at which all parts of the state and all persons ready to accept the reconstruction policy should be represented. Gentlemen were chosen to confer with a committee appointed by the Republican meeting; and it was confidently believed that union was practicable, and that a convention could be elected and a constitution framed which would receive the votes of a large majority of the state. But the proposition for a state convention was rejected, and an opportune moment for union was allowed to pass unimproved.

Another effort still was made to bring into harmonious action the friends of reconstruction, largely aided by those in other states who were anxious to witness this consummation so devoutly to be wished. In this work the Union League of Philadelphia—an organization which has contributed much to the country and to the cause of liberty—took the lead, and was joined by the Union League of New York and the Reconstruction Club of Boston. Mr. Charles Gibbons, one of the leading Republicans of Pennsylvania; Mr. Boker, of Philadelphia, the poet; John Jay and Col. Van Buren, of New York; Mr. Francis W. Bird, Chas. W. Slack, and other gentlemen of Massachusetts, made a pilgrimage to Richmond, in the patriotic endeavor of bringing into harmonious accord and on to a common platform the discordant elements of the state. A meeting was held at the house of the governor, and representatives of different shades of opinions, conservatives and radicals, whites and blacks, addressed the committee more than five hours, stating their grievances and giving full expression to their views and feelings on the subject. At an adjourned meeting, the next day, the committee urged the importance of harmony, of mutual concessions and sacrifices for a common cause. They urged the desirableness not only of having Virginia right, but of having her lead the van in the great work of Southern reconstruction. They insisted on the vital necessity of union of the races, and deprecated most earnestly any division of parties on the line of race or color. They declared it to be a matter of paramount importance to bring into the movement all white men who were willing to secure equal rights to all. Their earnest counsels at length prevailed, and all agreed; though some, who had defeated the movement in April, did it with evident reluctance. A union call was agreed to, a state convention was held, and, though much precious time had been lost and many repelled, several gentlemen of large experience and influence came to Richmond to attend the meeting. Some who had defeated union in April resisted every effort to bring the people together, and repelled those who came to Richmond to attend the union meeting. Indeed, they seemed to wish to keep the reconstruction party conveniently small. Succeeding in keeping thousands out of the movement who would have joined, they were among the first to divide the Republican party, and some of them gave their votes for Mr. Walker.

There cannot be a shadow of a doubt in the minds of those acquainted with affairs in Virginia in the spring and early summer of 1867 that, had a wise, earnest, and unselfish effort been made at that time, a reconstruction party could have been formed that would have framed a liberal constitution, adopted it, sent a delegation to Congress, and given General Grant last year a majority of many thousands. There were then many thousands of white men in whose bosoms, in spite of the rebellion, lingered the traditions of the past, the memories of those days when they acted with the great national parties of the whole country, some under the lead of Henry Clay and some under Jackson, opposing and helping to overthrow the mischievous doctrines of nullification, who could have been counted on to carry to a successful issue such a plan. I believed then and I believe now that there was a time when a liberal, just, and unselfish policy would have made Virginia a strong loyal and Republican state.

Although the golden opportunity was lost, and with it was lost much that can never be retrieved, it may not be too late to bring together into one organization, that shall be truly loyal to country and liberty, a commanding majority of the state. Thousands of men who voted for Mr. Walker have no sympathy whatever with the Democratic party. Perhaps wise, temperate, and healing counsels may yet bring into political association a dominant party, composed of the body of those who voted for Mr. Wells and a large portion of those who voted for Mr. Walker, that will support the administration of Gen. Grant and aid in carrying forward the great work of education and development which Virginia so much needs and of which she is so grandly susceptible.

SKETCHES OF YANKEE LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"RELIGIOUS MATTERS," ETC.

THE awful sacredness and heavy blessedness of the Puritan Sabbath are difficult to realize in these fast, irreligious times. The breach of the fourth commandment was in the days of which I write a crime that shook a Connecticut rural community to its center. Few grown men and heads of families were ever guilty of it. Now and then, rash, unregenerate boys, surreptitiously took to the woods on Sunday mornings, in huckleberry time or in the nutting season, or amid the fastnesses of hay-lofts perused "Robinson Crusoe," or whittled out whistles, and in some rare cases of total depravity played cards. But they did these things with a tremendous sense of desperate wickedness, a fearful looking for of fiery indignation.

Near Lebanon there was a certain hard, skeptical old farmer, a Tom Paine man, to whom all days were alike; but he was regarded as one afflicted with a moral leprosy, shunned, and made a standing subject of prayer, with the other outstanding heathen. In revival seasons, he was occasionally approached by zealous young converts; but he was now cute and disputatious, now cool and stolid, and always too much for them. To a neighbor, who once came to warn and exhort him, he replied dryly: "I'm obleeged to you, Squire; but I've stood a couple of jest sech revivals, and I rayther guess I can weather this ere one."

A curious instance of Sabbath breaking occurred in the parish of Hampton, in Parson Mosely's time. A certain jolly farmer, who lived several miles from the meeting-house, was astonished to observe one Sunday morning his near neighbor, a pious deacon, hard at work in his hay-field, with his sons and his "hired men." But the truth was soon divined: the deacon, who took no daily paper and owned no almanac—was, in short, not a literary man—had mistaken the day of the week, and his well-ordered family had adopted his error. I am sorry to add that, being more of a wag than a saint, our farmer declined to enlighten the innocent Sabbath breaker; but drove on, chuckling, toward the sanctuary. The deacon looked after him, and, pausing in the midst of the broad swath he was cutting, exclaimed: "Ef there ain't Neighbor Doolittle, and Mis' Doolittle, and all the children, dressed up and goin' a visitin' Saturday mornin', in the midst of hayin' time! That beats all!"

The next morning the deacon and the deacon's wife, his sons and daughters, his hired man, the hired girl, and the "bound boy," all arrayed in their Sunday best, set out for meeting in good time and in good order—the eldest son on horseback, with the eldest daughter mounted behind him on a pillion; the deacon, with the rest of the family, in the big farm-wagon, drawn by a pair of stout roans, who jogged soberly along with their meekest Sunday look on. The family delusion extended even to the yellow dog, who trotted in the rear of the decorous turnout, without a secular frisk or bark or gambol.

On the way to the village, the deacon was surprised and shocked to see several of his fellow-townsmen at work in their fields. He invariably stopped to reprove and admonish them; but the joke of his own Sunday work had spread through the neighborhood, and was so much relished that no one cared to undeceive him. Each farmer's excuse for his impiety was the necessity of getting in his hay before a shower, which he pretended was imminent, though the sky was cloudless. Expostulations and replies were something after this sort:

"Why, Uncle Zebulon! this here is a fine day, with no appearance of rain."

"Jes' so, Deacon; but the wind's a leetle unstiddy, and I believe in takin' Time by the forelock."

"But, Uncle, it's the *Lord's time*."

"Yes, Deacon; but I intend to send a load of this here hay to Parson Mosely, and that'll make it all square, I guess."

"Why, neighbor Barlow, where under the canopy do you find signs of rain to-day?"

"In my *corns*, Deacon. When they begin to shoot I look out for a damp spell; and it always comes, sooner or later."

"Why, Ephraim Pettingill; 'I *am* beat!' You horseshoeing on Sunday!"

"Why, you know, Deacon, 'a marciful man is marciful to his beast.'"

After each specious response the Deacon shook his head mournfully and drove on. He reached the village, drove up to the meeting-house steps, where he and his hired man handed out the "women folks" and children—his son and daughter had already dismounted at the horse-block—and together they marveled much at the closed meeting-house doors and the vacant wagon-shed. There they waited, more and more amazed, till several loungers from the village store gathered round them, laughing and quizzing, till a terrible small boy called out, "What are you doin' here Monday mornin'? Did you sleep over Sunday, or did you forgit to put your beans into the oven Saturday night?"

Upon that hint they went riding and driving homeward at quite a festive rate of speed, albeit in a deeply mortified and penitential state of mind.

In those times, when the spiritualized Calvinism of Edwards lifted even ordinary minds to cold hights of contemplation and speculation, face to face with awful realities and more awful theories of life and eternity, there was a certain element of the daring and surprising about Yankee wit and humor. They were like those Alpine flowers found so jauntily blooming on the edge of sunless abysses, or venturing close to those frozen centuries, the glaciers. It seems to me the grim jesters and practical jokers of that serious, earnest period must have enjoyed a good joke, a droll story, or ludicrous incident with a peculiar zest—a secret, delicious sense of frisking on the borders of the sinful and forbidden.

One of my father's neighbors, a man of great natural humor, but poor and pious, was subject to singular compunctions. In the midst of his enjoyment of a good story or practical joke, he would suddenly fetch up with a sigh, and pathetically exclaim: "O, dear! seems to me there's too much fun in this world for *poor folks*."

At my maternal grandfather's several quaint characters, who lived at a distance from the meeting-house, were accustomed to spend the interval between the morning and afternoon service. Among them was a certain Deacon Holby, one of the "unco guid," who frequently held forth from a very lofty hight of self-righteousness to the little circle in my grandfather's parlor. On one occasion, a traveled brother, who had lately returned from Boston, was expatiating on the grandeurs and dissipations of that great city. "Why, would you believe, Doctor," he said, "I saw more people going to the theater than attend Parson Whitney's preparatory lecture."

"Theater, theater?" exclaimed the Deacon; "is that anything that tends to religious matters?"

There were no post-offices in those days; but the few copies of the Windham County paper taken in that town were sent to my grandfather on Saturday, for distribution on Sunday. Once, when the Doctor had given out these papers to his guests, a certain meek little farmer unfolded his copy and began to read. Whereupon Deacon Holby, lifting his eyebrows severely, exclaimed:

"Why, neighbor Davidson! I'm 'mazed to see you takin' the Lord's day for secular readin'. Now, *I* always put my *Herald* into my pocket, and let it stay there till Monday mornin'."

The offender instantly folded up the paper, and pocketed it with a chastened look; and soon after the Deacon rose and walked forth into the orchard.

Now it happened that "the boys" were in the barn, near by; and it moreover happened that, looking through a crack, they observed the Deacon—saw him seat himself under a tree, with a pile of fine early apples at his side, and, after looking sharply about him in every direction, take from his pocket the *Windham County Herald*, unfold and read it, while he "munched, and munched."

At a conference meeting in Lebanon, a long-faced brother, somewhat after the order of Deacon Holby, arose and said: "Brethren and sisters, I feel that it is my duty to make confession, with the rest of you. If I haven't done what I ought not to have done, I have left undone something I ought to have to done. I have sinned, I humbly acknowledge, in—*neglecting my neighbor's children*. When I have seen them goin' astray for want of reproof I have sometimes failed to give it. But we are all poor, sinful creetures."

The joke lies in the fact that this brother's own children were notoriously wild and unruly.

A curious speech was made by another worthy, in another parish, after a long and fruitless series of discussions over a perilous Arminian heresy. Wearied and disgusted, the poor man broke forth in this wise: "Brethren, we have met together here, week arter week, mornin' arter mornin', arternoon arter arternoon, and hain't got nothin' done yit. Now, it looks as though, it appears to me, it seems as ef somethin' or nuther ought to be done."

A zealous young convert once exhorted his fellows to speak in meeting. "The trouble is," he said, "you think you mustn't speak because you hain't got larnin'. The gift of the gab isn't always a gift of grace; but don't hang back, for all that. Jest get up and gobble out something, if it isn't quite so cunning."

Another good brother began his prayer in this rather peculiar style: "Oh, Lord, we relv on thee, for we know thou art all-sufficient and self-sufficient."

A certain deacon in another parish was elected captain of a military company, and was deeply moved by the unexpected honor. On the occasion of the first drill, being obliged to appear in the peaceful garb of a citizen, he thus addressed the company: "Brethren—I mean fellow-soldiers—this day two weeks, by the blessing of Divine Providence, your captain will appear before you in full regimentals."

Among the Mohican Indians of Samson Occum's converts, in New London County there were some rather questionable Christians. One of these was once brought before the church on a charge of drunkenness. He was rather sullen under discipline; but pleaded that some gay compantons had led him astray. Being solemnly reproved for yielding to such evil solicitations, "Bible say I may," he replied, stolidly.

"Why, where in the Bible do you find any warrant for such conduct?" asked an amazed deacon.

"Bible say, 'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou'—don't he?"

"Ah, no, Brother Uncemon; you don't quote it right. It says, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou *not*.'"

"Ugh! I aint 'bliged to say the whole Bible," responded the backslider, with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

A style of scriptural quotation that, clever and convenient, but neither purely original nor ab-original.

Surely, after all is said—all allowance made for narrowness, ignorance, and self-righteousness—we must admit that the standard of personal religion and public morality was higher in the days of our grandfathers than it is now. The atmosphere of society was purer and its requirements were more stringent. Then a great crime against the moral sense of a community was social ostracism and political ruin. How is it now? Alexander Hamilton fell in a deliberately arranged duel with Aaron Burr; and the survivor was thenceforth more dead than his victim. Nowadays a man may shoot down a defenseless rival, and the body of the murdered man will be no impediment to his social acceptance or political advancement.

The family associations, the genius, wit, and personal charms of Aaron Burr threw a sort of splendor about his life; but his principles and many of his acts were regarded with a fearful detestation, an awesome horror now, I suppose, scarcely to be realized in the best regulated families. When by chance his handsome uncle—that degenerate scion of a godly stock, that splendid profligate, that hero of a hundred *amours*—Pierrepont Edwards, entered a well-guarded Puritan fold, he was watched with jealous eyes, all the lambs were kept carefully counted. He was entertained with cold courtesy, and a sort of spiritual fumigation succeeded his departure.

I suspect that this sybaritic character, rather than Aaron Burr, was the original of the *Ellery Davenport* of "Old Town Folks." If so, a sister New England novelist was before Mrs. Stowe in picturing him as the lover of *Eliza Wharton*, in the veracious and tragical romance of that name.

It is said that, unlike his unhappy nephew, Pierrepont Edwards made a good end—dying in the faith of his fathers.

FREEDOM.

THE sad Italians said to me: "We hold
No part in life: no aim is ours.
While we are young in years, our hearts are old.
No challenge comes to test our youthful powers.
We study much, but act not. Thus we seem,
In gilded chariots, ready for a race
That ne'er begins; as in some strange, blank dream
Bound, waiting ever in the self-same place."
I listened to them with a secret sorrow,
And to myself did say: "*They* will be free!
For Italy there surely comes a morrow
When tyrants shall no more her fate decree;
But I, and all my sisters, still must say,
'*Our* life's long lesson is but to obey.'"

From the despotic East the doom has come;
The women there are slaves, and there forever
Our masters must obey, patient and dumb.
'Tis heresy to say we would be free.
We read, "All human beings may agree
To govern and be governed!' 'tis their right;
But women must not vote." We plainly see
We are not human beings in the sight
Of him who wrote. How would he class us rightly?
With the domestic animals, forsooth;
Or will he call us angels? 'Twere more knightly.
Give no false names, but see the simple truth—
They who can wisely think, and justly plan,
Should not remain the governed slaves of man.

NOTE.—Professor Lieber, in a pamphlet upon necessary changes in the Constitution of New York, states that "natural rights proceed from the very attributes of *humanity*"; that among them is "the right of government—that is, of forming political societies to govern and be governed." But he adds: "Female suffrage ought not to be established."

WHAT IS THE USE?

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.

HERE we are—a born American and I—on the deck of the good ship "Palmyra"; not a little vain, in a quiet and unobtrusive way, of sea-legs good enough to enable us to walk with a tolerably steady gait. We are peripatetic philosophers. We walk and talk. On the starboard hangs a boat, with its white veil off, whether for readiness for service or for other purposes our knowledge of ship's affairs is not sufficient to determine. A line is stretched along this boat, and quietly drying upon it in the sun are two flags. They are the *Stars and Stripes* and the *Union Jack*. They wave together in the wind, feel alike the warm sun, and give out alike the moisture that encumbered their silken folds. Why should not they always float in a friendly way together?

And so we must needs talk—my born-American friend and I—of the interests they represent, those two flags, separately and unitedly. We are in favorable circumstances for being impartial and candid. We have just been computing our log. We conclude we are about fourteen hundred miles from Sandy Hook, and a little over the same distance from the brown, heathery hights of the Southern Irish coast. We are fairly between America and Great Britain. We have left behind us those magnificent icebergs which with calm dignity sat, rather than floated, by Cape Race, making for themselves fantastic crowns of the mist that hung around the shore; and we are looking out for the whales that disport themselves in waters slightly warmed. We may surely in this intermediate space reflect on all that those flags jointly and severally represent to the world.

And we cannot help asking one another questions. What is the use of dividing these interests? Of course, each nation has its honor and its safety, which it is bound to conserve, even against the other. There are certain things to which I am not bound to submit, I suppose, even from a brother, if he were wicked enough to attempt them. But, aside from these, what is the use, for example, of presenting each nation to the other in the most unamiable light? We in America are not without our faults—faults arising, some of them, from our circumstances, from our history, from our condition, modifying that corruption which is common to the race so as to form our own particular infirmities. But why should our valued friends, the newspaper correspondents, make these so prominent in their communications? Why present to British readers what is ridiculous, or absurd, or unlovely, or arrogant, as if these things were the staple of American life? There is a Mormon territory, indeed; but it is a small fraction of the United States. There are rowdies in New York. It were strange if there were not, considering how the men who are wanted (by the police), or not wanted (by the community) elsewhere, make it their Cave of Adullam; but, having lived for a couple of years in New York, I have seen in that time less rowdyism than in the same time in a European capital. There are divorce courts; but their unhappy subjects are as nothing to the mass of happy, healthy, family life among the millions of American citizens. There are eccentricities of politicians and lawyers, and even of judges; but, on the whole, and in the main, the body politic must perform its functions soundly and well, or America would not be what you, and I, and the world all know it to be. Then, my dear friend, the correspondent of the British paper, be fair and candid. *Est modus in rebus.* What is the chaff to the wheat? Do not, please, put in so much of the chaff. Fill up with wheat. What is the use of making us either ridiculous or hateful in the eyes of our British brothers?

And what is the use of the corresponding course from the British side? My Lord Broadacres leads a lower life than he ought to do, and at length sails for the Continent with his neighbor's wife. Now there is a certain class of prints in England that finds in this scandal both pleasure and profit. It is in their line to hold up all the details—a good deal filled in by fancy—and to say, "There's an aristocracy for you." And the thing does go down with the least educated of the people, who will not stop to think that one eastern parish of London contains more of sin like this than all the British peerage. But why should American citizens be treated to the pabulum of the lowest classes of England? It is insulting to them, if they would but think of it, to assume that these are the things that will give them pleasure, and which they wish to have emphasized and expanded in their English correspondence. These are exceptional in English life. It is their very exceptional character that renders them so prominent. And have we no scandals? Is there no aristocracy among us, resting indeed on another basis, and all the deeds of all the members of which we could not defend? Then what good purpose can be served by this international scandal-mongering? Great poverty, no doubt, sometimes shivers in London, side by side with luxury and extravagance. So it does in New York also, as any minister can tell you; and yet the charities of both cities are munificent. Great hardships are sometimes inflicted by landlords in the assertion of their rights; but they are not the rule, but the exception. And are we guiltless in this thing? Don't individuals sometimes suffer among us through men's assertion, and successful assertion, of what are not rights, but wrongs? It is so unhappily in every land; but it is not the rule in Great Britain, or, if it were, Great Britain would not have that adjective by common consent in her title.

What then? Would we—my American-born friend and I—gag the press, put an end to the healthy *in terrorem* power it wields against wickedness, by exposing it? Nothing of the kind. But we would have the newspaper correspondents act internationally as we would, as they would, among friends, neighbors, relatives. No good man there hastens to spread the worst version of an unpleasant incident. He shrinks from doing mischief. And cannot widespread mischief be wrought by creating and maintaining irritation and mutual ill-will where two nations like Great Britain and America are concerned? These things do not make war; but, when any of those accidents happen, such as will occur on the great theater of the world, these things blind men to the voice of reason, feed the fires of passion, and help to do the Devil's work.

Of course, it may be said these things would not be supplied if there were no demand. Of course, not; and so we would fain—my American-born friend and I—stop the demand. We would have people on both sides candid and just to one another. We would have them take circumstances into account. We shudder to think of all that is imperiled by want of mutual good understanding between these two halves of a great whole. We picture to ourselves how despotism and sacerdotalism—the tyranny of the scepter and the tyranny of the crozier—would take courage from a strife between these brethren. And, without any apprehension of such a result, we deprecate everything that tends to it. Blood is thicker than water, and British and American men are of one blood, as they are not with other nations. It were morally and spiritually a sad spectacle should they ever be

"Like lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted."

And, if there be any cementing power anywhere in the two countries, it ought surely to be in the church. Passion, and quick resentment, and fierce revenge are not lovely even in the management of national and political affairs; but they are disgraceful in the church, because in bold contrast with her most solemn teachings. If churches cannot forgive, how can states? If Christians are vindictive, what may be expected from politicians? The churches then may be fairly looked to by mankind to foster and cultivate union between the two great free Protestant nations of the world. The reformers of the sixteenth century better understood these interests than their successors have done; and they felt the liveliest interest in maintaining good accord among the Protestant powers. The necessity is just as great now as it ever was, and the influence to be exercised is vastly greater than in Reformation times. So, let us hope something from the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance next year in New York; and, since the best plans men make are but magnificent failures without the Divine blessing, there should be reverent and prayerful looking to the great Author of peace and concord, that he would crown these movements with his effectual blessing, and use them to bring more and get more American and European brethren to dwell together in unity.

So philosophized my American-born friend and I, as we walked the decks and thought of the dear land behind us, and the great, strong conservative old home of our fathers to which we were proceeding. And we recalled the name of a patriarch among us in New York, and certain words he uttered, when, on a London platform, he deprecated harsh criticism; and, turning with aversion from the loathsome work of Ham, he said to his assailant: "You shall be Shem, and I Japheth; and let us take the garment of charity and cover with it the follies and the sins of our common ancestor."

FROM THE NARROWS TO THE GOLDEN GATE.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

SHERMAN, WYOMING, June 3d, 1869.

IN the Pullman car Humboldt we left Omaha, June 1st, for San Francisco. Showers had fallen through the morning; but now the breeze blew fair and the sky hung cloudless over the swift Missouri and the westward-stretching plains. The train was made up with great care, every wheel and axle being critically examined as a ship's hull is when she lies in port, and farewells were exchanged on the platform as on the wharf of an ocean-bound steamer. At length the last preparations were finished, and with an easy motion the train moved off, rounding the bend that leads into the town and facing square to the west for its solitary journey.

Till nightfall we passed through a rolling prairie country, with the loveliest hill-slopes and hollows, clad in brightest green, where farm-houses, and herds, and waving grain indicated thrift, and quiet, and security. A little out of Omaha we came upon the Platte—that broad, imposing, good-for-nothing river, which here has nearly finished its worthless course of six hundred miles. For, long and wide as it is, no skiff can trust itself to the current without danger of being speedily aground, and its only use seems to be to refresh the emigrant and the wild creatures of the plain, and to show an easy path to the Rocky Mountains.

At Fremont, a growing town forty-seven miles from Omaha, we stopped for supper; and soon after the car-attendant converted our drawing-room into a bed-chamber, and we lay down to sleep under starlit skies, beside the murmuring Platte, rolling westward the while at the rate of thirty miles an hour. I confess to a little feeling of insecurity that night. The sensation of plunging, in the darkness, through a new and lately hostile country was so strange, and so much had been said of possible danger from Indians, that at the least unusual noise or swaying of the cars I wondered if the road were not obstructed and vengeful savages about to fall upon the defenseless passengers. But the train held its steady way, and morning found us at North Platte, almost three hundred miles west of Omaha, with the broad, shallow river on our left, and the low line of its bluffs marking the horizon. The green, billowy prairie had become the thin-soiled plain, and fertile, enclosed fields a fenceless pasture, covered with scant grass and tenanted only by the untamed herds of the wilderness. The buffalo does not come so far north till later in the season; but antelopes abound, and every now and then two or three would start up at the rush of the engine, their pretty horned heads thrown back and their white tails in the wind, and bound away over the plain with a graceful motion akin to the flight of a bird through the air, or, bewildered, run parallel to the train, as if seeking to outstrip their pursuer. All day we saw the prairie dogs (ground squirrels they might be quite as appropriately called) playing about their holes in the sand. They are tiny, harmless creatures, easily tamed and trained, and they seem to agree perfectly with the solemn-looking little owls that share their domiciles. Scarlet-headed woodpeckers were flying about, clinging to the only thing in the semblance of a tree, the telegraph poles; and now and then some grass-bird showed its brown back for a moment and was gone. These, with a single emigrant-train slowly plodding along in the old path, and now and then a vulture hovering over the carcass of some ox or mule, were the sole signs of life outside the stations. There was no lack of flowers. A yellow bloom, like mustard, was scattered broadcast over the plain, mingled with a wild sea lavish of purple. Lilac-tinted phlox grew in clusters. Spikes of azure flowers, like garden hyacinths, shot up here and there; while the prickly-pear cactus, small and low, began to dispute with the grass the sandy soil. At Julesburg, center of the region of Indian depredations, we saw many Pawnees hanging about the station—athletic, lazy-looking men, whose only object seemed to be to beg money from the passengers. There, as at all other interior stations, United States soldiers were on guard.

Through the same sterile plain we went steadily and smoothly west, climbing the long upward slope, till at five o'clock in the afternoon we reached Cheyenne, in Wyoming, 516 miles from Omaha, and more than 6,000 feet above the sea. Cheyenne is the crudest of towns, dropped in a desert. The houses are of wood, or mere frames covered with canvas; yet it has 5,000 inhabitants, and represents, in a rude way, many of the features of life in a great city. There was much excitement there on this particular day, over a circus company which had just pitched its tent in the place; and men, women, and children were flocking to the show. Several new passengers came on board the train here—men of Cheyenne and Laramie, who had always lived on the frontier and grappled with the hard realities of life. One of them, a man of both wealth and intelligence, had been for many years a teamster from the Missouri River to Salt Lake, receiving twenty dollars for every hundred pounds of freight delivered in the Mormon city. Of late he had been engaged in the construction of the railway, which he said had already revolutionized the life and business of the whole region, so that the time appeared like a dream when in a single day he had seen seven hundred emigrant wagons pass his ranche on the Platte. I know not when I have heard a more touching story told in a few words than his account of his adopted daughter, an English child, whose

The Independent.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

THE cold December wind was whistling down the wide-mouthed chimney, and Mistress Fairchilds, shielding her candle from the draft, stopped to listen to its crooning as she had listened there during all the Decembers of fifty winters.

She was getting a little hard of hearing now, and sometimes Keziah's snores sounded vastly like the soughing of the wind. But to-night it was old Boreas surely, driving cold and pitiless out of the northwest, and rattling the quaint little window-sash of the parsonage house, and swaying the great hickory tree in the back yard until its knotted limbs scraped against the icy eaves.

Mistress Fairchilds set down her empty-ings jug upon the ample stone hearth that would scarcely cool off the whole winter long from the glow of the sacred household fires always burning there. She was very particular about her sponge, and nobody's skill in Barstow was quite equal to Mistress Fairchilds's snowy loaves.

The tall clock in the corner, with its hour-glass and symbol serpent carved upon the door, that concealed a closet as capacious as Master Humphrey's, now struck nine—a sharp, decisive stroke, which conveyed something of a reproach at the lateness of the hour that saw its old mistress astir. She nodded back at it with an air which seemed to concede intelligence to the tall mahogany case and white visage of Old Time, as much as to say, "Don't vex yourself, comrade. It is Saturday night."

She was a spare old lady, bent a little at the shoulders, with a pale cheek, a mild eye, and an almost saintly light about her unwrinkled brow, where the smoothly-banded silver hair lay. Her dress had something of Quaker primness about it, although she did not belong to that sect. It was a petticoat of some dark, serge-like stuff, and a short gown of the same, crossed at the bosom by the folds of a spotless mull handkerchief. There were scissors and housewife dangling at her side, and her neat low-quartered shoes were clasped with antique buckles. The only other sign of worldliness her costume displayed was a narrow edge of real old English lace that bordered her close cap.

The kitchen was vast, modeled on the generous ideas of our forefathers, with a mountainous chimney, that looked ready to swallow the interior. There were settles, and fire-dogs, and roomy corners holding comfortable chests, and cupboards filled with household gear. The little blinking windows, curtained with dimity, were wreathed by the good mistress's scarlet-runner and musk roses in summer-time, and held in season their pots of balsam and sweet marjoram. But now the snowbirds came to them from out the gray branches of the orchard, and the ground looked white and wan under a spectral gleam of moonlight.

It stole into the corner where stood an old-fashioned high-post bed of goodly dimensions—a hillock of down covered by a blue and white counterpane of the dame's own weaving, with spotless valances, and coarse but snowy lavender-scented linen, still holding the ironed creases. There was a lad's red chest, with its antique padlock, standing in the same corner, and a wooden stool, deeply marked by the initials "G. F.," cut evidently by a boy's jack-knife.

Old Keziah, a serving-woman in the family of such long standing that she imagined she had acquired a right in fee-simple to her master and mistress, had already gone up to her chilly little refrigerator of a bed-room, bearing a long tallow candle that corresponded to her long person, and stopping to sneeze at every third step, with the motion of a folding-machine.

The dame felt a little more at her ease when Keziah was snug in bed; for, like the ancient mariner, that rigid damsel held her to a practical rule of life by a particularly alert eye. The old minister's wife had little pet notions she loved to indulge in secret and alone—foolish little notions she thought in her heart they were, and yet no less dear to her fresh, unwithered fancy.

She stepped softly now across the painted boards of the kitchen floor, with regard to the good pastor's quiet, who must by this time have reached the twelfthly of next day's sermon. The great oaken door, that opened outward to the drafty shed, was barred and braced with the same stout wood. It possessed that excellent invention of our forefathers, a flapped hole for the lazy house-cat. The latch was of wood, and beside it dangled a wooden peg, attached to a thong of leather, which was the only bolt or bar the dwelling afforded against house-breakers and thieves.

Dame Fairchilds did not even make use of this primitive device. She simply latched the portal, and glanced with a half-tender, half-apologetic look up to the admonishing face of the old clock, that said as plain as words could say: "Saturday night, comrade; the door has not been barred for twenty years. Who knows but my lost boy may chance to come home on just such a night as this?"

The fire upon the hearth had sunk to a deep, steady glow, which she did not bury, as was her wont, under a heap of gray ashes. On the contrary, she threw an additional stick against the great red cave of the back-log, that lit up the quaint, low-studded room with sunset splendor and gleamed out of the frosty windows.

"Some poor wretch, needing shelter, may see the gleam from the windows," she thought, sighing heavily, "and for his sake shall be welcomed." The vision rose unbidden to the good dame's mind of old Tim, the tinker and country jack-at-all-trades, who in a drunken fit had come uninvited to the parsonage, and befouled her fair linen sheets. But she had spared the vagabond all reproach, had given him a warm breakfast, and bound up his hurt head, and sent him away with a comfortable pair of woolen socks of her own knitting for his chilblained feet. To the dame's eyes, softened almost to the similitude of an angel's, this drunken Tim was one of those little ones of whom our Lord speaks.

The little chores were all done; and the kitchen, in the prim ordering of its quaint chairs and spider-legged tables, looked very sweet and calm. Through the cellar-door came a fruity smell, from where the seek-no-furthers and golden pippins lay resting in their snug bins. The flickering light along the wall showed knots of yarn and strings of drying pumpkins and apples. No speck of dust or sign of litter revealed itself anywhere. There was a Sabbath-day quiet about the abode of the old minister and his wife, as if some token of God's love had been hung upon the lintel and the door-posts, whereby all care and unrest were warned away.

Dame Fairchilds went last, as was her custom, to the bed-corner, and touched the carved letters on the stool lingeringly with her thin old woman's hands, as if she were soothing a sick brow.

In her heart she was softly praying for her lost boy. Could it be that twenty years had slipped by since he went away from them? Yes; and still the mother tenderness and trust did not despair. The picture of him as he used to be—bright, generous, handsome, full of boyish spirits—rose up before her in that one sacred moment.

"Ah, well," she murmured, "ministers' sons, they say, are likely to go wrong; but it was all along of the Squire's daughter. God forgive her for playing fast and loose with my poor boy's heart."

Dame Fairchilds did not lift the lid of the red chest; for she knew the faded copy-books and the school-boy's kit which it contained by heart. Slowly she opened the passage door; and, with her face calm and saintly in its repose, tapped at the minister's study.

"Come in, Hannah. Why do you stop to knock? You are always as welcome as the smell of clover in June," and the aged clergyman rose from his heavy oaken chair with an habitual air of gallantry.

"I feared to disturb some train of reasoning, if I entered abruptly," said the thoughtful wife.

"Luckily, my reasonings for to-night are all prisoned in my crabbed characters here," and he touched a pile of manuscript on the table before him. "God grant they may be effectual in pointing some sinner the way and the life. I have freed my brain from the web of doctrines that held it; and now I am at liberty to enjoy the repose of Saturday night, which is hallowed to my mind as the threshold of to-morrow. My thoughts were busy with old fancies and people. To tell the truth, Hannah, I was thinking of our little girl, who died years back. She was a winsome thing; and, if we could have reared her in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, she would have filled the old house with pleasantness. But it struck me for the first time to-night, if she had lived, she would have been a woman grown by this time, and perhaps married, with her own babes upon her knee. So who knows but we old birds might have been alone in the nest all the same? We have not forgotten how to cheep and twitter still, and make sweet music for each other's ears; so there is no shadow of repining in our hearts, for God's mercies are new every morning and fresh every evening."

The dame had seated herself in her favorite high-backed rocking-chair, and crossed her thin hands upon her lap; while, in the low lamplight, her face looked paler and more shadowy than ever.

"God knew what was best," she said, at last. "It needs a sight clearer than mortal ken, and more than the wisdom of the serpent, to rear up children righteously, so that they go not astray."

The old minister let his hand fall tenderly on the dame's head. It was whiter than his own, perhaps, although he was the elder; but his expression showed a spirit and energy which was wanting to the old woman's saintly face. His short clothes of soberest cut, with large shoe-buckles of silver, were in the fashion of the time. The grave, sedate air of a clergyman of the old school sat easily on him, and was much softened by benevolence.

"You are always thinking of our poor boy, Hannah," he said, at last. "Be sure that was our appointed cross. We set such high hopes on George, perhaps some of the dross of worldly ambition stole into our hearts. We loved young life with such fervor that God chose we should be bereft."

"I have teased myself much," said the old dame, lifting her appealing face toward his, "with the thought that we did not study the temper of our boy as we ought. It was hard for us grave and serious-minded folks to enter into the feelings of an ardent young nature. Perhaps we forgot that youth is the play-spell of life, and made religion irksome and unlovely."

"Nay," said the minister, "it is difficult to do full justice by any human soul; but, surely, we kept in mind the fact that George had a tender mouth, and could not be checked too high. It was the Squire's daughter, with her arts and wiles, who beguiled him to his ruin; and yet who could be harsh even toward her, remembering her loveless life, wedded to a dissolute man, and her early, unwept grave?"

"If he could but know," said the dame, with a quivering lip, that there are no reproaches awaiting him here, no thought of shame and ignominy, only tenderest pity, who can tell but he would leave his wanderings to and fro in the world, and come back and find rest in the old home?"

"We can trust him in God's keeping, can't we, Hannah? For who knows better than we do that there is neither night, nor depth, nor length, nor breadth by which to measure our Heavenly Father's compassion?"

Then the old man took down the great clasped Bible from its place on the shelf, under the psalm-book and Dr. Watts's hymns; and, while tears, such alone as a mother weeps, dropped from the dame's cheeks, he read the story of the Prodigal Son.

About four o'clock of the afternoon previous a man was being thrust out summarily from the doors of the red tavern at the cross roads, into the winter's cold. This was an event very likely to happen when some poor wretch had lost his money and his brains at the counter of Publican Birch. Publican Birch was never known to be troubled with a weakness of pity for his miserable victims. But this was a more aggravated case still. The man in question had sat all day in the smuggest corner of the bar, without drinking a drop or ordering so much as a fip's worth of gin. He had dozed a good deal of the time, to be sure; only waking up to cough, and then settling back with muttered words into a somnolent state, with his face looking sharp and pinched from out his ragged, iron-gray locks, with the sallow skin drawn across the cheek-bones, and the great dark hollows of his eyes like burnt-out craters.

His clothes were very poor and mean, with numberless windows and loopholes to admit the light of day and the pitiless cold. There was some suggestion of a shirt beneath his outer garment, and a lax end of handkerchief was twisted about his throat. Thrust out upon the road by the strong hands of Publican Birch, he drew his tattered coat across his chest and buttoned it with the one button remaining. His steps wavered with a weakness which easily simulated intoxication. He had not gone many paces from the inn-door before he sat down upon a snow-bank, in the angle of a snake-fence, to cough; and this time a gush of blood came to his lips.

The inn-keeper's wife had pitied him from the depths of her woman's nature; but dread of her brutal husband had stopped the plea for mercy upon her lips. Secretly, however, she put on her short cloak and scarlet hood, and, with meat and bread in her apron, followed him out upon the road. Her steps crackled upon the crisp snow; but he did not look up. His gaunt, unshaven face almost touched his ragged knees, so heavy was his stupor.

"You must stir yourself, friend," said the good wife, lightly shaking his shoulder, and shocked at the sight; "for it is piercing cold. Whither away are you bound now?"

"Might it be far to Barstow?" the man inquired, half rousing himself at last from his stupid trance.

"No more than a matter of two miles up the turnpike. Do your folks live at Barstow?"

"No, no; I haven't got any folks."

"Well, then, go to the old minister's, they never was known to turn a dog from the door; and if I had my way no more would I," she added, with a sigh. "They say the old lady is forever taking on about a wild son of hers that cut off from home nigh twenty year ago, and never has been heerd on since. She looks for him back still; but the story goes that he was drowned at sea."

A sudden gleam shot from the tramp's filmy eyes, and a gurgle rose and died away in his throat, as he abruptly turned and set his gray, despairing face toward the long perspective of the turnpike.

"Here," said the woman, eagerly, "is some bread and meat. Take it and eat it on the road."

"Tain't no use," he replied, without turning round. "I'm too far gone to keep any prog down. Last week there was a gnawing and a burning here always," and he touched the fluttering rags on his chest; "but now I've got past starvation. Ha! ha!" and he laughed feebly, with a dreadful sound. "All I want is a hole to crawl into; for the cold nips my bones and makes them rattle."

"Take my cloak," said the woman, impulsively, the hot tears brimming her eyes; and she stripped the garment from her shoulders, and laid it upon the shivering wretch with a motion of pitying love that I think must have made the angels smile from out the serene heavens.

The man's "God bless you" ended in a great sob; and this time he did not turn back, but drew his languid steps away from the inn, resting when he must, while the woman watched him with dim eyes, wondering if that "God bless you" would lighten Publican Birch's curse.

How he reached the parsonage, long after nightfall, who can tell? He may have crawled some of the way. There were times when his reason left him, and he fancied oddly that he was a gay, careless boy. There was the willow-fringed brook, where he had fished at every turn; and the gray stone-walls, where squirrels whisked their tails; and the maple-grove, and the cow-lane; yes, and he should know it well, there was the low roof of the parsonage, with its gable-end painted red, and the row of cherry trees along the garden fence, where he had often held his little sister Faith up to pick the fruit in her apron. He wondered if he should see Faithie's rosy face at the window. No—she was dead, he remembered now; but there was the old knotted hickory that chafed the mossy eaves. Many a night he had swung himself down from his chamber by its limbs, to go secretly to dances and junketings. His mother never reproached him, but looked paler and sobrer day by day. They wanted him to get religion; and who knows but he might have got it, but for some great trouble—it was so long ago he had almost forgotten what—that crazed him and took him off to the tavern. It might be all true what the old man had preached, though Sunday was such a long and tiresome day. Eternity seemed very near now, he could almost touch it with his hand. There were some words he must have heard years back that kept sounding in his ears. They were "Lord have mercy upon me a sinner." It wasn't the first time he had haunted about the old place. He had seen his mother's shadow and heard her voice. He knew were the old man kept his money laid up in a till of the chest of drawers; but, thank God, he had never got so low as to touch any of it! He must steal away now to the shelter of some hay-rick, where they might find him cold and stiff on the morrow. He would not burden the old folks with his carcass. He crept to the window, and put his knees into the snow-bank by the rose-bush, and then the glow of the low fire must have enticed him in; for when they found him he was kneeling by the bed, with his matted locks scattered, and a wonderful young look of George Fairchilds on cheek and brow, and a little dark stream showing where his life-blood had ebbed away. The calm of Sunday morning had come; and in trembling hope, with her child's head upon her bosom at last, the old dame turned to Him who said "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

ABSOLUTE TRUTH.

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

IT is a divine wonder, increasing with every age, that the Bible has never been convicted of error. If it could have been, it would have been by this time, considering the multiplicity and ingenuity of tests and crucibles with which it has been smelted, the exhausting experiments both by friends and enemies that have been tried upon it.

The Bible has as many authors as an encyclopedia; only one ruling divine inspiration could have kept it from error. Few men are aware of the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of giving absolute correctness to an encyclopedic work. The extreme of long-continued carefulness has been of no avail. The invitation of reward for the discovery of a single error, typographical, in one of the printed volumes of the Stephens brought out a palpable discovery in the very title-page.

An encyclopedia may be but a method of stereotyping error and sending it down from generation to generation. The word encyclopedia, as derived from the Greek, *in the circle of general education*, is pronounced by Siddell and Scott "a sheer barbarism." It might also be derived from reasoning in a circle, or being fettered or imprisoned in a circle, or from jumping to conclusions in a circle, which conclusions are set down as part of the best method of training for intellectual gymnasts.

We discovered, not long ago, some very curious illustrations of the ease with which errors may creep in and be perpetuated, even in the most learned, accurate, and trustworthy publications. Take, for example, a notice of so well-known a work as "The Federalist," by Hamilton and Madison, in Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual, published by Pickering, in London, as late as 1834. The notice is as follows:

FEDERALIST, THE.—A collection of Essays, New York, 1788, 12mo, 2 vols. A periodical paper in which Williams, alias Anthony Pasquin, was concerned. Hollis, 494.

The same blunder is repeated in a new edition, that of Bohn, in 1858, revised, corrected, and-enlarged.

The reader asks by what jugglery of ignorance could any respectable editor be inveigled into such a mistake.

Take another similar and very droll example from the German. In Nagler's "Kunster Lexicon," an encyclopedia of knowledge in the arts, there is an article concerning George Cruickshank. An English review had spoken of George as "*the real Simon Pure*," who first illustrated "Life in London." The German editor begins his notice by stating that George Cruickshank was an English artist, whose real name was Simon Pure. Accordingly, turning to the letter P in the same encyclopedia, we find written "Pure (Simon), the real name of the celebrated caricaturist, G. Cruickshank." This encyclopedia was printed at Munich, in 1836.

Now, if such errors as these can be stereotyped in this modern, enlightened age, with a fair chance of being immortalized in future generations for half the world, what shall be said of the encyclopedic inheritance of lies accumulated for us and upon us through all past ages, if we have no greater insurance of truth as a possibility except this, that all men inevitably are liars, even with the best intentions, who pretend to absolute truth? The Simon Pure of all possible myths may be found in the inevitabilities of human ignorance endeavoring to supply the place of divine knowledge. It is only the Omniscient that can inspire an encyclopedic revelation of which its author can be sure never through all ages and generations to be ashamed. But God hath provided for men such a city of refuge, infallible; and, therefore, he is not ashamed to be called their God, a thing which he certainly would be if he had nothing better to give them, instead of the verities of a divine revelation, but the guesses of Plato, Cicero, Buddha, Confucius, Magian mythologies, and the prophets of the same. What absurdity in the supposition that the God of eternal truth—God, whose name is LIGHT and LOVE (the nearest approximation in two words to the reality of his essence)—would give to his creatures for their spiritual nourishment a volume of mere guesses at truth, an orrery of the mere eclipses of faith, the indistinct, chaotic, cloudy fragments of rival theologies, instead of the radiance of a creed of eternal certainties, to be held forever without variableness or shadow of turning. Men exalt themselves against creeds; but what would become of humanity if it had not some absolute veritas in which it could anchor itself and be safe, and feel safe in teaching them as the God-given inheritance of eternal generations!

One of the Titans of our past ages of genius, Jean Paul Richter, wrote thus in one of his works concerning education: "Albano's teacher, in the formation of his mind and character, led him not into the stone-quarry, lime-pit, and timber-yard of metaphysics; but directly into the ready-made, beautiful oratory formed of the materials thence collected, otherwise called natural theology. He did not let him forge and solder ring after ring of any iron chain of reasoning; but showed such an one to him as a deep-reaching well-chain, whereby truth sitting at the bottom is to be drawn up, or as a chain hanging from heaven, whereby the lower gods, the philosophers, are to draw Jupiter down. In short, the skeleton-and-muscle preparations of metaphysics he concealed in the GOD-MAN OF RELIGION. And so it should be in the beginning. Grammar is learned from language more easily than the latter from the former; criticism from works of art, the skeleton from the body, more easily than the reverse; although, unfortunately for the youth of our day, we always do reverse it." The good seed is to be sown as God has given it, and in all school-knowledges. John Paul speaks of a time-serving preacher as "a soft scoundrel, who soaks and softens the seed-corns of the Divine and human word, like melon-seed, so long in sugared wine that they rot in it n the heart, instead of springing up the sooner."

We wonder what men like Niebuhr and Jean Paul would have said, could they have looked in upon our Republic, to see us pusillanimously sacrificing to the pretense of an unsectarian conscience the inestimable advantage of the freedom and prepossession of the Bible in our public schools.

PLAIN COUNSEL FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

COMPANIONS.

BY REV. G. B. WILLCOX.

To find a wise, good friend is harder than to find a real Christian. And for this reason: The excellence of some kinds of machinery is that they can work up material so poor that other kinds can make nothing of it. And our Christian religion is, in that, just like them. It can make use of souls which are naturally of so mean a quality that friendship can find little use for them. Christ, in his mercy, will save many men, and even call them his friends, to whom we give rather a benevolent than a complacent love.

There are different advantages in having the right sort of companionship. The first and lowest is the social advantage, the help it gives you toward a higher position and wider influence. There is a great difference in brands of wheat, which are all equally wheat; and there is a choice among good men, any one of whom is sound and true. Some have little aspiration; and the effect of their friendship on *you* will be to keep you from having much. What a difference, often, between two brothers in the same family! One seems to have little care to make much of himself; the other is full of it. One picks out his companionships; the other drifts into them. One grows energetic, intelligent, refined—a man of mark and weight; the other trudges on at the same dead level, getting to be a dull, commonplace nobody, so unlike his brother as to mortify him every time they meet. Both may be moral in life, or even Christian. But, for all that, there's a fineness in one that is not in the other. You may hear the same tune from a banjo in the street as from Ole Bull's violin; but it will strike you differently, if it *is* the same!

Now a young man or woman has no right to throw away any power or means of influence that can be got from any legitimate source. You have no right to fall into such society and associations as will be, all your life, a drag on you, keeping you down at a lower level and in a smaller sphere than God made you to fill. If you do not respect yourself in your choice of associates—if you take those who are every way rather below than above you—and so impair the fineness of your own manhood or womanhood, then you hide your talent in the coarsest kind of a napkin, and sin against God and your fellow-men as well as against yourself.

There is nothing in all this to favor the snobbishness that affects to scout one class and fawns upon and begs admission to another. This principle differs heaven-wide from that. One is born of Christian aspiration, a loyal devotion to the great end of life, and to God over all; the other is the essence of selfishness. There is no need of falling into this other. Do good to all as you have opportunity. But, that you may be able to do that, make intimates of only a few, and those only the best you can win.

The moral bearings of friendship are, of course, of more moment than the social. How far should we keep an acquaintance that can do little good to us, but may do much to others? Well, "that depends," as the ladies say. A man's first duty, which outranks all others, is to see to his own spiritual safety and welfare. Any good to his neighbor that cannot be done without hazarding that he must leave undone. The question "Must I keep or leave a vicious acquaintance?" will be answered when you answer this: "How much moral strength of your own have you? Will you left him up, or he pull you down?" Your first duty is to yourself. How does a skillful swimmer save a man from drowning? He comes at him from behind, seizes him by the hair, holds him at arm's length, keeps out of his reach, lest his desperate clutch should drown them both, and so draws him along to the shore. So, if you are young and temptible—whatever old folks, more strongly built up in good habit, may do—you can commonly best save a vicious friend by giving your whole soul to the effort, but meanwhile standing aloof from intimacy with him till some change for the better begins to appear.

Any one who is lapsing into evil, if he has gone far enough to have been noticed, if he has had reason to think others have whispered about him, then, depend upon it, he is beginning to say to himself that he has "no friends left, and might as well give up and go to the Devil." Make him feel that he *has* friends, that they feel for him, and want only to be allowed to show it. Do not go to patronizing him, or making a fuss and ado with your pity. For pride is like a rock in a snowdrift in April—everything else may melt around it, but still it stands bold and high as ever. He may have lost good name, and health, and character, and hope almost, with his pride left untouched. Do not wound it. Better get him to make the first start out of pride than not at all. That may be, like some part of a drowning man's dress the only thing left on the surface for you to take hold of and save him.

But, to carry spiritual power among your acquaintance, you must have spiritual character. The young man of dullest wit and coldest heart is not so dull or cold as not to see it if his friend has something divine in him that makes him victor over the world, with all its hopes and fears. But you can do this by no mere show of activity, no bustle and stir as a Christian. It must be by such indwelling of God, such largeness and richness of heart as shall show that there are deep soundings in you, that behind all you say for Christ there is immeasurably more that is left unsaid. You cannot do this for yourself. But take Christ in with a welcome, and it will be as when the potter, putting his hand into a lump of revolving clay, hollows and spreads it into some shape of beauty. Christ worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure.

Now, power gained in this way can do, through friendship as a means, great service to men. Hardly any means will work more widely or effectively. It is a means that the Devil is incessantly using. Men call him the author of enmities and strifes. He is quite as much the author of friendships. He has ends to reach through them. The "cochineal-fig," it is said, is cultivated, not that they care for the plant, but only for the sake of the insects they find on it; and Satan makes much of friendship for the sake of the men and women it brings together. We ought to beat him with his own weapons. We ought to be making friendship every day a means of saving souls from death and hiding multitudes of sins. And the way to do it is not to be toward your friends a "churchmember in regular standing"; but a genial, large-hearted, open-handed, wide-looking Christian man or woman, in downright earnest to do good.

SWEDENBORG.

BY JOHN MARTIN RATCHET.

THIS remarkable man was no mere dreamer, enthusiast, or fanatic; much less was he an impostor in any usual acceptation of that term. He was one of the profoundest and most variously accomplished men the world has ever produced. It was not till his fifty-fourth year that he began to publish those strange theological writings which have been the means of placing his name among those of the founders of religious systems. Before this time his fame as a philosopher had become almost world-wide. The learned academics not only of his own country, but of Russia, Germany, and Great Britain, were glad to honor themselves by enrolling his name among their most distinguished members.

He was a great student of Nature; deeply versed in the intricacies of almost all the sciences, and wonderfully capable in the most difficult practical operations. He occupied very high stations; was familiar with men of royal dignity, being intimately known to the erratic Charles XII., and in his later days supposed himself so much the special favorite of Heaven as to be selected as the medium of the most important revelations. Yet there never was a man of simpler life, of more modest demeanor, or more free from hypocritical cant on the one hand or arrogant assumption on the other. He was born at Stockholm, in 1688, the son of a bishop of the Swedish Church. He came on the stage just at the time when the great fundamental discoveries of modern science were being made. Newton had discovered the law of gravitation, and Descartes the great mathematical secrets which were to unseal the book of the mysteries of the universe. Harvey had let light into the human frame by showing the circulation of the blood; Gilbert had started the wonderful revelations of magnetism; and Linnæus was engaged upon that classification of the plant life of the world which seems to have been the starting-point of scientific study in the great kingdoms of creation. In every one of these great branches Swedenborg was profoundly at home. He wrote voluminously upon them all, and to this day his writings maintain a high place in the estimation of those acquainted with such matters. He was always groping about in mines, grubbing in quarries and forges, and rambling over dockyards. He anticipated in germ many of the most striking scientific triumphs of the nineteenth century; as the discovery of a seventh planet, when as yet its existence was unknown; the atomic principle of matter; the office of the lungs; and many other important conclusions, in magnetism, astronomy, anatomy, and chemistry, which later students have verified. He published his first work at the age of twenty, soon attracted the attention of the king, and was made assessor of mines. His works on metallurgy and mining are among the best. At the siege of Frederickshall he showed his wonderful engineering skill and daring by transporting a flotilla of vessels fourteen miles overland for use in the reduction of the place. He was now made a baron, placed over the mint, and wrote on coinage, finance, and measurement. Indeed, the different branches of mineralogy, astronomy, mathematics, chemistry, anatomy, navigation, geology, zoology, and mental and moral philosophy seem all to have been at his finger's end, and he discussed them all with a steadiness, breadth, and originality such as still excite the amazement of the learned.

There would seem to be no doubt but that this remarkable mind underwent a shock of some kind about the year 1743. From this time he retired from all secular pursuits, and devoted himself exclusively to the publishing of his theological speculations. He claims that in that year the Lord manifested himself to him in a personal appearance, opened to him the spiritual world, and enabled him to converse with angels and departed spirits. He committed all he saw, or thought he saw, to the Latin language, confessed that he did not expect to be believed in by his contemporaries, and looked to future generations for his vindication. His claim was a new revelation with a new light on the old—a third testament. Several times he was transported to the heavenly regions, and held conversations with the most eminent men of ancient times; all of whom, however, talk in a style peculiar to Swedenborg himself. On one of these visits he saw Luther and Melancthon in purgatory; the former of whom was teaching in a place like Wittemburg, and the other writing a thesis on justification by faith. Luther, however, confesses that what he teaches is false, and his gentle friend blots out his writing as fast as it is penned; while of both the hope is expressed that they will come out right in the end.

He holds that the Scriptures contain two meanings—the first natural to the words, which is patent to every reader; while the other is spiritual, inclosed, and mystical. His way of setting forth theological ideas indicates a deranged balance. Most of his doctrines are those of the Bible, seen through a cracked and distorted medium; causing them to seem consistent in the parts, and yet absurd as a whole. There is a commanding interest in his writings, and yet grave deductions must be made. They are not sane, yet they are far from maudlin. They are immense, tediously diffuse, and very incongruous. He explains endlessly, and leaves nothing to the imagination of the reader. All his characters speak and act alike, and they are all Swedenborgs. But his earnestness and weightiness are such that none can wonder at the enthusiasm of his disciples. If the Koran and the Book of Mormon have drawn thousands of devotees, it need occasion no surprise that the revelation of this Swedish prophet should do the same. He now loses sight of his great spiritual object; he has no vanity, no self-consciousness, no pretension of style. He is evidently sincere, and speaks from the impulse of obedience to conscience. But it is the speaking of a man in whom conscience was more true and clear than the powers of reason and imagination. He has written a strong work, and taken a wonderful hold upon the human mind. But the clear thought of this day of progress will loosen it; his books will be shunned and then forgotten, and his name will live only as that of one of the strangest among the infinitely strange developments of this mysterious nature of ours.

FERTILE INDOLENCE.

BY REV. RAY PALMER, D.D.

"EVERYBODY has gone into the country!" exclaimed, in our hearing and in a tone of half-vexation, a friend who had tried in vain to find some persons he wished to see. No, we replied; Broadway is not empty yet! On the contrary, the sweeping tide of life seems to be flowing there nearly or quite as full as ever. It is, in fact, relatively, but a very small part of the population of this great city, after all, that can enjoy the cool breezes of the mountains and the sea, or saunter among the green fields and shady groves of the champaign, or through the tasteful grounds and avenues of the popular places of resort. It is, indeed, to ourselves personally rather a sad thought that so few, out of the whole number of those who must habitually give brain, or hand, or both to labor, can allow themselves even a short annual season for recreation and rest. We heartily wish that, not all at the same time, but all at some time, might breathe the fresh air and enjoy the gladdening sights and sounds of the country, and give their fretted nerves opportunity to regain a healthful tone by absolute repose. We believe that this would be a great public advantage.

There are those, however, who seem to think that days given to absolute inactivity—or, at least, merely to what pleases—are altogether wasted. To them the *dolce far niente*—the indolent luxury of lying by the hour on beaches to watch the waves, or stretched upon the grass under the shady elm or maple, or of wandering lazily along a pleasant stream with a fishing-rod, or of riding or walking with genial friends through rural scenery in the summer twilight—is just so much precious time expended in culpable self-indulgence. Such persons labor under a very great mistake. Rest, as an essential condition of effective labor, is one of the most obvious and imperative demands of natural law. The Mosaic institutions, in addition to the night and the Sabbath, gave man and even the producing earth rest, by forbidding to sow or reap in every seventh year. The Saviour himself called his disciples to turn aside into quiet retreats and rest awhile. Our very machines must sometimes stand still to be cleaned and oiled. Inexorable is the necessity that the vital force, continually expended in the work of life, should be recuperated by the occasional cessation of exhausting effort. This makes the giving a due proportion of time to refreshment and repose a positive duty, not less than toil itself.

But more than this. Doing nothing, at the fitting time, is a fertilizing process. Wisdom, as well as power, is the fruit it legitimately yields. Richer ultimate results have often flowed from hours of leisure than could have been secured had the same hours been devoted to laborious thought and study. A certain almost passive quietness is one of the conditions of that spontaneous energy of the soul which originates its finest thoughts, renders it most fertile of invention, and prompts its highest aims. We recognize a genuine insight and a great truth in the following stanzas of Wordsworth:

"Not less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feel this mind of ours,
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

"Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old gray stone,
And dream my time away."

A man becomes little better than a machine, and hardly more capable of intellectually creating anything, if his faculties are kept perpetually on the strain. Cicero praises the wisdom of certain great men who lived before his time for loving *repetuersere in campos*—to become boys again in the fields, and to throw pebbles at each other on the sea-shore. Daniel Webster is humorously described by his son as composing and repeating aloud some of the finest passages of his first oration on Bunker Hill while wading up a trout-brook half-leg deep in water. It would have been well worth the trouble of a journey to Cape Cod to have heard the exclamation "venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation!" and others like it, as they came spontaneously from the lips of the great orator and echoed through the overshadowing forest. As those waters are purest that gush up of themselves from hidden springs, so it is apt to be with the thoughts and feelings which well up within the healthful soul, when free from every kind of outward pressure, it is determined by its own inward law. Not only statesmen, jurists, clergymen, physicians, editors, authors, men and women whose avocations chiefly task intellect and heart, but also artisans and laborers of every sort, would accomplish more in their lives and do it all better by giving a reasonable amount of time to reasonable and pleasant recreations, such as the country offers almost anywhere to those who are disposed to seek them.

No, it is no occasion for regret that all who can should go to restore the currents of exhausted life among the reanimating influences of Nature in midsummer. Those who really do this are sure to come back with augmented active power, and more capable of doing the best things in their several vocations. If time has seemed lost, it will be more than made up, and labor will be habitually more cheerful and productive in the higher vigor and elasticity of every faculty.

There is, nevertheless, in relation to this matter occasion for deep regret. It is that so great a portion of those who leave their city homes at this season of the year do neither aim at nor secure what ought to be the chief advantages of a temporary release from the routine of ordinary care and toil. These do not go to enjoy repose. They do not open their hearts to the sweet influences of Nature, that these may distill upon them as the dew. They do not seek the simple fare and natural pleasures which properly belong to rural life. They do not propose it to themselves to forget the clatter of the city in the murmur of streams, the music of birds, the evening ramble, and the quiet social drive; nor have they any thought of invigorating their muscles in climbing on foot the mountains and threading the winding streams. On the contrary, they rush to the great fashionable resorts, with vast trunks packed with all the apparatus for display. They crowd themselves into close saloons and chambers, feast daily on rich and stimulating food and drinks, and keep hours even more unseasonable than those which characterize the life of pleasurable dissipation in the town. Amidst frivolous and often positively corrupt conversation and amusements, they find nothing to awaken new and salutary impulses—nothing to beget higher and better thoughts and aspirations. No wonder that, in so many instances, they find themselves not only not improved in health, or heart, or power, but rather injured in all respects, when they return again to their homes. This class of persons gain nothing by their release from the cares of business, but the comparatively very slight benefit of a change of feverish excitement. Even this is often more than counterbalanced by the discomforts and annoyances endured. Nothing better or wiser for the leisure they have enjoyed, they bring back no consciousness of higher preparation for the active duties which must be the staple of every good and useful life. There is nothing renovating, nothing fertilizing in seasons of relaxation so utterly misused.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION AT SARATOGA.

SARATOGA, July 16th, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

THE Woman's Suffrage Convention, the feature of the past week, and of the season so far, has come and gone. Its subsiding wave, however, is still perceptible in ripples of talk on the subject in the parlors of the hotels, on the verandas, and in groups of two and three that linger under the trees or about the springs, to say nothing of the good-natured squibs in the daily papers. To a quiet looker-on, who has kept an observant eye upon the reform movements of the last twenty-five years, there were some features of the recent convention that were both interesting and suggestive. That strong-mindedness should invade the very citadel of fashion, and woman's-rights agitators make their headquarters at Congress Hall, is in itself a startling innovation. The call for the convention was issued by the National Woman's Suffrage Association, whose headquarters are at the Woman's Bureau in New York; and that in response to this call every congressional district and almost every county in the state should have been represented, and in most cases, as I was told, by women paying their expenses out of money which they had themselves earned, was another feature worthy of notice. That the convention throughout was conducted by women, and that not a man appeared upon the platform was still another. So much is said about women's inability to transact business that it is gratifying to have had so much of a demonstration to the contrary. The convention was organized and its business carried forward in a manner that would have reflected no discredit upon any deliberative body of men, while the entire good feeling and unanimity of action that prevailed might have afforded some valuable hints to not a few of our political organizations. Another feature worthy of note was the absence of any marked peculiarity in dress or manner on the part of the agitators. The convention was composed of a well-dressed, quiet-mannered set of women, only distinguishable from the habitual guests at a fashionable watering-place by less elaborateness of toilet and more intelligence of expression. "Why, they look just like anybody," was the surprised comment of a young belle, as Miss Anthony and her associates passed out from dinner, the day after their arrival. The world is slowly learning that women may be both thinkers and workers—that they may even be reformers without making frights of themselves.

There were some discouraging features at the opening of the convention that might well have damped the spirits of women less in earnest and less self-reliant. Several shining lights, who had been depended upon to give interest to the occasion—among them Henry Ward Beecher and the tall editor of THE INDEPENDENT—had not appeared. Mrs. Stanton was detained at home by the sickness of one of her children; and the new hall which had been engaged for the meetings was found to be in a deplorable state of incompleteness. The walls were wet with new plaster; the chandeliers lying on the floor in a confused heap, and a huge scaffolding to be used in putting them up standing in the midst; while on all sides lay strewn the confused litter of an unfinished job. *Nil desperandum* must be the motto of the indomitable Susan, for she flitted to and fro, apparently as undisturbed as if everything was exactly according to her wish.

The convention was advertised to meet at ten o'clock Tuesday morning. Hundreds of people came, looked into the unfinished hall, and went away; while a few learned that a preliminary meeting would be held in the reading-room of Congress Hall. In the hotel the reading-room was filled to overflowing a quarter of an hour before the time, and the passage completely blocked up. In this emergency Mr. Hathorn, the proprietor of Congress Hall, offered his large parlors for the use of the convention; which actually organized at the head-center of fashion without a dissenting voice, and with Millard Fillmore, Thurlow Weed and his daughters, Commodore Vanderbilt, Governor Opdyke, and any number of Orthodox clergymen benignly looking on. Mrs. M. F. Joselyn Gage called the meeting to order, and nominated Miss Anthony temporary chairman. The latter proceeded to state the object of the meeting, the importance to the cause of thorough organization, and the vital importance of the cause itself. The immense parlors were crowded, and the audience sh

Our Young Folks.

A LITTLE MORALIST.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

I'm tired of fairy-tales, Fanny;
There isn't a word of them true.
They're simply not sensible reading, I think,
For girls like myself and you.

Don't look so surprised. I mean it.
The fact of the matter is this:
We've arrived at an age when common-sense
Is certainly not amiss.

For children like Will or Bessie,
No doubt, it is all very nice
To believe that a pumpkin was changed to a coach,
And that ponies were made out of mice;

Or that any one ever *could* manage,
Like Cinderella, to go
And dance at a ball in slippers of glass
That didn't get broken, you know;

Or that fairies have ever existed—
Live people, with actual wings,
Who merely by waving their wands could perform
Such *very* remarkable things!

This is all nice enough for Bessie
Or Will to believe in, I say;
But we, 'twould be well to remember, dear,
Are older and wiser than they.

And there seems to be so much, Fanny,
In this great, great world of ours
Both real and beautiful besides,
Like sunsets and birds and flowers—

So much, mamma thinks, that was fashioned
To please and to teach us as well,
And stranger by far than the wondrous tales
Those curious fairy-books tell—

So much we should value for being
The blessings God renders his own,
That it's better to love what is true, Fanny, dear,
And to leave what is false alone!

"LITTLE CHICKEN."

BY SISTER ELLA.

Flo had stopped talking for a minute (only because she was out of breath), and pa took advantage of the pause to speak.

"Sadie, don't you think that the old hen had better be taken off the nest? She has been setting for over four weeks, and those eggs must be good-for-nothing, or they would have hatched before now."

While ma is thinking what advice she shall give, I will tell you how we happened to have a setting hen. To begin at the beginning: We have a *farm*.

Nothing very wonderful in *that*; but when I tell you that it is a farm right in the heart of a great city you will not wonder that we are very proud of it, and boast of "our farm" to our unfortunate neighbors and friends, who haven't a yard big enough "to swing a cat in"—even if they wanted to do that, which I am happy to say is not the case.

Now, very likely you children whose fathers own ever and ever so many acres, and raise bushels of potatoes and corn, and lots of other things, would laugh just as heartily at our farm as *we* do at the little yard, that I mentioned a moment ago.

We have nearly an acre; and the house is placed very pleasantly a little distance back from the street, with a pretty green lawn on either side and some flower-beds in front. But *behind* the house there is our orchard (one pear, one cherry, and two peach trees), and a long grape-arbor, and the corn and potatoes, the pride of papa's heart.

When his friends call, he marches them out of the side door, after a very short call in the study, and takes them down the walk to the spot where they will have the best view of the potato-hills. For the potatoes seem even dearer to him than the corn—probably on the same principle that a mother is always more tender toward the weakest one of the flock; for, although papa frequently repeats the milkman's assurance that they are the "finest potatoes he has seen," *I* think they are very forlorn and feeble looking.

I am afraid that milkman has a larger bill than usual to present, and wants to prepare the way for it with a little adroit flattery.

Well, when we first moved here, pa concluded that we must have some *hens*; so one day he came home from market triumphantly bringing two hens and a great handsome rooster. They were all legged, and we wished for a while that their tongues were tied too, they kept up such a clucking and calling for a couple of hours after they were presented with the freedom of the farm.

After that additions were made to our feathered family from time to time, until our rooster was the fond husband of five wives, who followed him about like the tail of a comet—here, there, and everywhere—a happy and contented party.

Truth compels me to say that the hens did not do their duty very faithfully, for we had very few eggs; and, if we had depended entirely upon them, we would have had few cakes or puddings this winter.

At last, as the bright spring weather came on, Whitey took it into her head to set; and, as we had no objections, she selected a nest in a quiet spot, and when she had eight pretty eggs settled herself down to the important business of hatching them.

She sat patiently for three weeks and a half; and at the end of that time Flo woke me up one morning by calling right in my ear that one chicken was hatched. It isn't pleasant to be rouse.l suddenly out of a sound sleep—and particularly by a scream in one's ear; so I only said "*Please* don't," in a very discouraging tone, and turned away.

If you know Flo, you would know how persistent she is. In a few moments I heard the door softly open, and then the most forlorn little "peep, peep." I knew that my nap might as well be given up; so I made the best of the matter, sat up in bed, and admired and petted the wee, downy, yellow ball of feathers, with its two staring head-like eyes, until Flo was perfectly satisfied and consented to restore it to the mother hen.

After that we waited impatiently for the others to come out. One day passed, two, three, a week; and still there was but the one little chick. So we began to be discouraged; and finally, when little Loney was about a week old, pa asked the question I commenced with.

We were at the breakfast-table, and mamma looked down at her coffee, as if her answer was there and she found it hard to read. Two pairs of eyes watched her face until they were tired of waiting for the matter to be settled, and then one tongue tried to hasten the decision by saying, "I think that she ought to be taken off."

Ma concluded that it might be the best plan; so we all trooped out to watch the operation. Poor Whitey was dragged off, much to her disgust, and then the eggs were taken out one by one.

Now papa—although he is a middle-aged man and a minister, and has a grown-up daughter—is very boyish sometimes; so, taking the eggs down to the fence, he stood off at a little distance and began to throw them, aiming at a certain spot on one of the boards. His aim was not very true, and that particular spot was not hit once; but they all struck the fence somewhere, and dropped broken to the ground. It didn't make a very nice looking place, and ma wondered who would have to clean it up; but pa said that some dirt could be shoveled over it, so we all went up to the house for the shovel.

As four persons went after it, no one got it. "Too many cooks" spoiled that "broth." I thought that Flo would get it; and Flo thought that, of course, "Nell" would see to that. Consequently, there the broken eggs stayed where they were for a couple of hours.

Flo never *walks*, except when she is dressed up in her best bronzed boots, her new white pique dress with the embroidered ruffles, and her white hat trimmed with white satin and green violets. When she has all those things on, and her hair is crimped nicely, she feels very dignified and walks with quite a stately tread. But on common occasions she *runs*, and when she is excited she flies like the wind. Knowing all this, I was prepared to hear *anything* when Flo came *rushing* into my room; so I put down my book, and waited to learn the cause of the commotion.

When she told me, I shared her grief, if not her excitement. It seems that one little chicken was nearly ready to come out of the shell; and Flo had found it, gasping in the hot sun, among the broken eggs.

The kindest thing we could do was to kill it; so we put it in a bucket of water, and it soon stopped breathing. Then we took it out, nothing but a mass of wet feathers. It made us sad to think that, if we had been patient a little longer, this little chicken would have been saved. But it was too late then; so we could only resolve to be less hasty in future.

Flo decided that it should be buried "like other folks." Among her playthings she found a little wooden box, which she filled with soft raw cotton. In it the chicken was placed, and the cover of the box fastened on. The grave was dug, and the dead chicken was borne to it in a bright scarlet express wagon, drawn by two cream-colored horses, and followed by several carriages filled with dolls in mourning attire.

After the company returned, the question came up what inscription the tombstone should bear. At Flo's request, pa composed a little poem. Here it is:

"Here lies little chicken.
Who died while a-pickin'
His way to get out
To roam round about.
Drop you a tear
On his little grave here,
And think all the day—
As you pass on your way—
Of the dear little chicken
Who died while a-pickin'
His way out of his shell
With mortals to dwell."

This was charming. But poor Flo thought that we didn't look solemn enough as we read the affecting lines, and suspected that there was something ludicrous about them; so she utterly rejected the little poem, and placed on the little board that did duty as a tombstone the following inscription:

"Here lies little Chicken,
only son of Mrs. White.
Aged two hours and fifteen minutes.
No light comes to his little eyes,
And he can hear no sound."

We all agreed that this was beautiful. Don't you think so too?

For some days the little grave was covered with violets and snow-drops, Flo strewing them afresh every morning. But after a couple of weeks the dollies began to need some new dresses, and their little mother had to devote herself exclusively to them; and the grass was let grow until the little tombstone was quite out of sight.

You mustn't think that Flo was neglectful; for you know that the dollies had to have clothes, and their mother's first duty was certainly to them.

There is her voice now, "Nell! Nell! El—la!" and I must run and see what she wants.

Sunday Schools.

Many of the prominent Sunday schools of New York are now closed, or are about to close, for one, two, or three months, as the case may be. Brooklyn and other suburban cities, New England cities, and even towns of Northern New York, are following the bad fashion. Is this summer vacation necessary and inevitable? It may be in some cases. It is undoubtedly true that in some schools a large proportion of teachers and taught are actually absent from the city for weeks and even months, sniffing country air and seeking desirable and necessary recreation. But ought the larger class, who are obliged to swelter in the fierce city heat of midsummer, to be deprived of Sabbath privileges till it is quite convenient for their richer neighbors to come back from Newport or the White Mountains? Shall our mission schools be broken up and disorganized, and their crowds of children left to run riot, because the superintendent and a part of the teachers must be away? No, no, Christian brethren. To many of these children, pent up in fetid tenement-houses, the Sunday school is "the only bit of sunshine." To some the service is very sweet and precious—a savor of life unto life. Calling last Sunday at the door of an up-town school, which we expected to find open, we saw a group of little folks sitting in the shade and looking with hungry eyes to its schoolroom, while they expressed to us their sorrow that "there was no Sunday school." While the school is closed the Devil is busy. Perils and temptations multiply in August. The army of lost children is rapidly recruited. Death reaps a rich harvest. Go to the country, you who may and can. But keep your school open, provide substitutes, double up classes, take turns in going away, have general exercises. But have a school, and keep up the organization, if only ten scholars and one teacher. Six weeks' vacation is three months lost. "Be not weary in well doing," even in hot weather.

....The First Baptist Sunday school in Malden, Massachusetts, lately celebrated its semi-centennial. Dr. Adoniram Judson was born there. During the proceedings a memorial tablet in the wall and an oil painting of him were disclosed. This reminds us of Dr. Tyng's story. It seems that Dr. Tyng's father, who was a stern Episcopalian and a lawyer, was riding in the stage with old Dr. Spring, the father of Dr. Gardiner Spring, of New York. News had just been received that Mr. Judson and his companions had joined the Baptists. Said Judge Tyng: "Doctor, I understand that your chickens have turned out ducks!" Old Dr. Spring replied: "Yes, Judge; and I should like to sit on hen's eggs all my life, if they would hatch such ducks as these."

....The unsightly and illy-ventilated Sunday school room and chapel of Dr. Crosby's church, 4th ave. and 22nd street, has been torn down. The now vacant lot between the church and the fine building of the Young Men's Christian Association is to be occupied by a new block. The first floor will be used for stores, the upper floors for Sunday school and infant class-rooms, church-parlors, etc.

....Macon, Georgia, has 5 colored Sunday schools, with an attendance of 1,100 scholars, about one-fifth the entire colored population. The superintendents are colored men, with one exception. Miss Barnes has charge of one of the schools, and uses the blackboard with success. A union Sunday school concert is held bi-monthly.

....The Queen of Prussia lately visited the Sunday school of Count A. Bernstoff, in Berlin. She stayed during the entire session, observing with interest the exercises of the school. She expressed herself much gratified with what she had seen. Berlin is to hold a national Sunday school convention the coming fall.

....Monroe County had in 1851 only 146 Sunday schools, with 12,808 scholars. In 1869 the number had increased to 200 schools, with 25,234 scholars. It 1858 there were 936 additions to the churches from the Sunday schools. In 1868 the additions from the schools number 1,046.

....The Hoboken Teachers' Association held its monthly meeting July 7th, at the Baptist church. Interesting and practical addresses were made by Messrs Herrick and Stiger, of New York, and others. This association is one of four in Hudson County, N. J., all well sustained.

....A new mission Sunday school has recently been started by the Ross-street Presbyterian church, Williamsburgh. It is located in Seventh street, and is in charge of F. A. Thompson, formerly of the Five Points House of Industry. It already numbers near 200 scholars.

....A State Teachers' Institute is to be held at Cape May, commencing July 27th. Prof. Clark, Rev. Messrs. Vincent, Trumbull, Knox, and other distinguished Sunday school men are to take part in the exercises. It will, doubtless, be an occasion of great interest.

....The beautiful Sunday school room of the Clinton-avenue Congregational church Brooklyn, A. S. Barnes superintendent, has become too small for the large school. A new gallery is being added. Meanwhile, the school has adjourned till it is completed.

....Howard Mission Sunday School is now in charge of J. H. Sutton, of Jersey City. A. A. Smith gave an interesting blackboard lesson last Sunday. We are glad to note a change in the direction of strict evangelical Bible instruction.

....Bishop Simpson has been engaged to assist in the preparation of the "Berean Series of Sunday School Lessons" for 1870. The Bishop will contribute teachers' notes for twelve lessons on David.

....There are now 840 Protestant Sunday schools in France, an increase of 70 during the past three years. The anniversary of the Sunday School Society has been lately held in Paris.

....*The Picture Lesson Paper* is the title of a new infant class-paper, to be published monthly in this city, beginning January, 1870. Rev. J. H. Vincent will be editor.

....Motto for the wise Sunday school superintendent: "*Non est loquendum, sed gutter-nandum*"—The thing is not to talk, but to govern.

....The Brick church, Rochester, has lately started a mission in the northeast part of the city. It has a large attendance.

Literary Institutions.

Gettysburg College commencement July 1st. Graduates 15.

....Rochester University commencement July 15th.

....Mount Holyoke Seminary anniversary July 15th. Graduates 38.

....Wilberforce University, Louisville, Ky. Commencement June 30th.

....St. Stephens College, Annandale, N. Y. Commencement July 8th. Graduates 10.

....Heidelberg College commencement June 30th. Graduates 2 ladies, 8 gentlemen.

....Monmouth College, Ill., (Un. Presb.), held commencement June 24th. Graduates 39.

....Phillips Academy, Andover, graduates 49 this year; of whom more go to Amherst than to any other college.

....Tufts College commencement July 14th. Graduates 15. It has productive property, worth $600,000.

....Lafayette Collegiate Institute, Lafayette, Ind. Anniversary June 18th. Several young ladies graduated.

....Williston Seminary, Easthampton, graduated 29 this year. Mr. Samuel Williston's benefactions to the school amount to $250,000.

....Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct. Commencement July 15th. Graduates 27. D.D., Daniel A. Whedon; LL.D., Robert C. Pitman

....Amherst College commencement July 8th. Graduates 56. D.D.: Edwin E. Bliss, Constantinople; E. P. Goodwin, Chicago, Ill. LL.D.: Hon. Otis P. Lord, and Hon. Henry Morris.

....Virginia University, Charlottesville. Commencement July 8th. Graduates: A. B., 1; M. D., 10; LL. B., 24. The last toast at the Alumni dinner was, "The Union—when we get there."

....Rochester University commencement July 14th. Graduates 34. D.D., Edgar J. Goodspeed, of Chicago. LL.D.: Prof. H. L. Kendrick, West Point; Wm. W. Ely, M.D., Rochester.

....Columbia College commencement June 30th. Graduates 11. D.D.: Rev. J. K. Nichols, of Md.; Rev. S. Landrum, of Savannah, Ga.; Rev. Amos Webster, of Boston, Mass. LL. D., Wm. W. Corcoran.

....Westminster College (Un. Presb.), New Wilmington, Pa., held commencement June 24th. Graduates: A. B., 22; B. S., 14. D.D.: Prof. J. R. W. Sloan, Allegheny, Pa.; Rev. J. Hogg, Oslout, Egypt; and Rev. J. N. Dick, of Kitanning, Pa.

....Trinity College commencement July 8th. D.D.: Rev. F. E. Lawrence, of New York; Rev. Henry Olmstead, of Great Barrington, Mass.; and Rev. A. M. Stevens Perry, of Geneva, N. Y. LL. D.: Edward M. Gallaudet, of Washington.

....Time-honored "Phillips Exeter Academy" neither proposes to change its ancient name or to supersede its distinguished principal, Dr. Soule. The "Robinson Female Seminary" is a new institution, not yet in full operation. Prof. Eben S. Stearns, of Albany, is at its head.

....Bowdoin College commencement July 15th. Graduates: A. B., 31; M. D., 27. D.D.: George Field, Bangor; Horatio Stebbins, of San Francisco; Stephen Allen, of Brunswick; and Frederick Gardiner. LL. D.: J. G. Kohl, of Bremen, Prussia; Governor L. Chamberlain and Nehemiah Cleaveland, of Topsfield, Mass.

....Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y. Commencement July 15th. Graduates 41. D.D.: Rev. A. K. Strong, of Syracuse; G. A. Howard, of Cattskill; John Lawson, of Selkirk, Scotland; and Wilbur F. Paddock, of Philadelphia. LL.D.: Hon. T. T. Davis, of Syracuse; Daniel Huntington, of New York; D. H. Cochrane, of Brooklyn; and Ellis H. Roberts, of Utica.

....Chicago University commencement July 8th. Graduates 14. A class of 19 law students and 3 theological students. A fine new theological building was dedicated, costing $60,000. D.D.: Rev. Miles Sanford, North Adams, Mass.; Silas Tucker, Logansport, Ind. LL.D.: Dr. Dodge, of Madison University; Col. J. W. Foster, of Chicago; Rev. Samuel Manning, London, England.

Music.

The Baltimore Sängerfest has monopolized musical interest at home since our last issue. Although the heat was very severe, the festival was crowned with complete success, and adorned with all the good humor, good order, and rational merriment in which the German pleasure-seekers are unrivaled. The singing began informally on the evening of Sunday, the 11th, when there was a performance of Handel's "Messiah"—according to all accounts, not a very good one. On Monday the exercises proper were inaugurated by a grand procession, very long and very gorgeous, which was made the occasion for displaying some comical banners and standards and other practical exhibitions of German humor. Fifteen societies took part in the competition for the prize of song, and the first honor was born off by the New York Liederkranz. The premium was a Knabe grand piano. The second prize was won by the Quartet Club of Hoboken, the third by the Jungen Männerchor of Philadelphia, and the fourth by the Washington Sängerbund. These inferior prizes were also pianos. On Tuesday, the 13th, there was some magnificent chorus singing by the combined societies, numbering 1,400 voices. The next festival of the association will take place in New York, in 1871.

....Ole Bull was to sail for Europe this week. He will probably return in the autumn, for the purpose of superintending the general introduction of his improvements in the piano-forte. It is announced that he has no intention of giving concerts on his next visit; but we presume he will be induced to change his mind when the time comes.

....King Louis, of Bavaria, treated himself recently to a special private performance of his favorite Wagner's "Lohengrin," and a few days afterward to a similar representation of the same composer's equally unappreciated opera, "Tristan and Isolde." The musicians were in full dress, the theater was splendidly lighted, and the king sat in the auditorium in solitary state.

....There is to be a grand musical festival at Bonn, in Germany, next year, to commemorate the centenary of Beethoven's birth, which occurs in December, 1870. The day should be celebrated in every musical center all over the world.

Temperance.

Prof. E. T. Evans, of Michigan University, replying to Dr. Holland's contradiction of the statements made by him some time ago as to the absence of drunkenness in wine-growing countries, says he has been at some pains to collect trustworthy evidence on the point in dispute, and he cites the following testimony: "An American gentleman, who has resided some time in Lausanne, writes as follows: 'Since Dr. Holland's statements as regards wine-drinking in Switzerland came under my notice, I have been specially careful to observe the habits of the people in this respect. During eight weeks of daily intercourse with all classes of society, I have seen only two cases of intoxication. . . . It is not true that the people are addicted to drunkenness. . . . I do not accuse Dr. Holland of willful misrepresentation in this matter; but he has certainly drawn sweeping conclusions from very limited data. His intentions may have been good, but his ignorance is very great.' Another gentleman, writing from Florence, says: 'Nearly all the Italians drink wine; but I have not seen a single person intoxicated during six months' residence in this city.' A distinguished scholar and author, who is also a member of the French Academy, writes from Paris as follows: 'I have lived many years in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; and am convinced that intemperance is far less prevalent in the wine-growing countries of Europe than in England or Scotland.' An intelligent writer in *The Nation* of May 20, 1869, says that 'our only hope for the future,' along with the good 'popular cookery,' is 'to plant our sunniest hill-sides with the vine, whose teeming wealth shall make it even more inexcusable than now for people to corrode their vitals with vitriolic spirits.' The author of this opinion is a person who has studied 'the general subject' thoroughly, and knows more about it than Dr. Holland is even capable of knowing." We print this that our readers may see the testimony on both sides of an important question.

....The executive committee of the late State Temperance Convention met at Saratoga, N. Y., a few days since, sixteen members being present, and organized and adopted resolutions urging temperance voters to attend the caucuses of their respective parties and secure the nomination of such candidates as are pledged to carry out the wishes of the majority of the temperance men of the state; also that they would demand of the next legislature the passage of a law to permit the majority of any town, city, or village to prohibit the sale of intoxicating beverages therein; also urging the temperance men to enforce the penalties of the present excise laws, and will demand of the next legislature such an increase of penalties as will tend to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages in the state. The plan of local organization is left to the executive committee and the committee appointed to prepare an address to the temperance voters of the state.

....The Portland *Press* thinks the temperance nomination for governor and other state officers is not likely to be very successful. It notes with profound satisfaction that every Republican newspaper in the state that holds the confidence of the temperance men, and all the men whose names, whose examples, whose counsels, and whose influence have given conspicuous aid to the cause through the discussions of the last twenty years, have expressed their satisfaction at the position taken at Bangor by the Republican party, and their determination to maintain an association by which all the substantial progress of the past can be maintained.

....The Ohio State Temperance Convention, assembled at Mansfield, on the 14th inst., resolved, first, "that we reaffirm the platform adopted at the Crestline Convention, regarding it as but courteous to our friends in other states to waive the settlement of a complete national platform until the meeting of the convention in Chicago, on the first of September"; and, second "that it is the duty of the Ohio state temperance party to nominate no one for any office—state, county, or township—except such as have subscribed to the Crestline temperance platform. A ticket for state officers was nominated.

Scientific.

In a series of lectures on varieties of food, given by Dr. Letheby, in London, he says of Indian corn that "its flavor is harsh and peculiar, and nothing but a scarcity of more agreeable food reconciles people to its use. The young grain called *cob* is, however, more palatable, and forms, when boiled in milk, an American luxury, which takes the place of green peas." This is the first time we have ever heard of corn-"cobs" being boiled in milk as an American luxury. He says that many sea-weeds contain a large amount of nutritious matter. When moderately dry, they contain from 18 to 26 per cent. of water, 9½ to 15 per cent. of nitrogenous matter, and about 66 per cent. of starch and sugar. These proportions would place them among the most nutritious of vegetable substances; in fact, they are richer than oat meal or Indian corn. Several species, including "Irish moss," form in some parts of Scotland and Ireland a considerable part of the diet of the poor. They should be steeped in water, to remove the salt; and sometimes a little carbonate of soda should be added, to remove the bitter taste.

....The phosphorescence of oxygen when traversed by the electric spark was lately referred to in this column, in speaking of some late investigations by M. Sarrazin. No other gas except oxygen and those compounded with oxygen shows this property, which is due to the conversion of the oxygen into ozone. The *College Courant* says that the most striking effects are produced when a little fuming sulphuric acid has been added to nitrous oxyd (laughing gas), thus increasing the effect by increasing the ozone. Under these circumstances the phosphorescence is quite wonderful; the yellow gleam which remains after the electric discharge is withdrawn being sufficiently intense to illuminate a large hall, forming one of the most interesting of lecture experiments. This is a new department of the chemistry of the "infinitely small," as the gas is quite attenuated, being at a pressure of little more than one-fortieth of one atmosphere.

....It is said that a remarkable mineral fertilizer has been found in the soil of the Haute Saone, France, which is as much more concentrated than barn-yard manure as coal is than wood for burning. It consists of 25 per cent. gelatinous silica, 40 per cent. carbonate of lime, 5.8 per cent. nitrate of potash, 2.8 per cent. nitrate of ammonia, and 3 or 4 per cent. of mineral oil. It is the product of the slow decomposition of vegetable matter with animal remains. Containing no phosphates, it does not resemble guano.

....Mr. Varley measured some currents which passed over the telegraph wires between London and Ipswich, in 1866, during an "auroral storm," (*i. e.*, a disturbance of telluric electricity, produced by an aurora borealis,) and he found it required a current of 140 Daniel cells to neutralize them. Another observer, by noticing the spark produced, calculates that sometimes the current is equal to that of many hundred battery-cells.

....The picrate of potash is being introduced to a considerable extent for the manufacture of powder, which can be made of it, having ten times the force of ordinary gunpowder, and from that strength down to a composition of less explosive force than common powder. Our readers will remember the late terrible accident in Paris, where a building used in its manufacture was destroyed by an explosion.

....If we take the brilliancy of the bright star Alpha Centauri as 100, the intensity of the light of some of the other principal stars will be as follows: Sirius, 416; Canopus, 204; Arcturus, 72; Rigel, 66; Capella, 51; Alpha Lyræ, 51; Procyon, 51; Alpha Orionis, 49; Aldebaran, 44; Antares, 39; Alpha Aquilæ, 35; Spica Virginis, 31; Fomalhaut, 26.

....It is believed that the minute cavities often found in diamonds are filled with carbonic acid. If so, it is difficult to imagine under what conditions it could have been formed, as it is only the extremest pressure, or a temperature far below zero, that liquefies carbonic acid.

Missionary News.

The word "Kiristan," or Christian, has become so degraded by the Roman Catholics in Japan that Rev. J. Goble, of the Free Baptist Mission, says that he thinks it better to reject it entirely; and he uses instead the words "Shin Shin To"—*i. e.*, the true God Way. The Japanese connect the word "Christian" with jugglery and witchcraft, which the Roman Catholics are accused of practicing. Mr. Goble says that one of his hearers is one of 60 who were imprisoned 3 or 4 years ago for being caught worshiping in a Catholic chapel in Yokohama.

"He says the priests told the people who then went in to worship that if they would truly pray to Yeso and Maria that they could get whatever they most wished for—*i. e.*, if in passing a bank-vault they wished to get the money supposed to be inside, they had only to pray in the prescribed form and the money would immediately come forth. So also of houses, lands, or any other treasure that one might see in the hands or possession of a neighbor. When these simple people entered the Catholic church for the first time, they were requested to kneel opposite the altar, and, after each had received in his hand a charm, he was instructed to put the hands together, holding the charm between them, and, raising them to the head, bow in the attitude of prayer. After having remained in this attitude until they were near going to sleep, they were suddenly roused by a sharp signal, when behold! the whole space in front of them was covered with beautiful pictures, where none were seen before. Then they were told to pray again; and after some time, being roused by another signal, the scene was again shifted, and so again and again, sometimes with dark and frightful pictures, and again with views more pleasing. Then my friend says they were all convinced that the 'Kiristans' had come again, as no other people could do those wonders, the like of which had not been seen in Japan since the times of the old Portuguese 'Kiristans.'"

....The Buddhist sect in Japan is making great efforts to spread itself; and its leaders, knowing its resemblance in many respects to Protestant Christianity, seem anxious to study Protestantism, hoping to gain part of the harvest which they see Christianity must gain—or, as some of the missionaries believe, with the idea of casting in their lot with Protestant Christianity. There is a widespread opinion and feeling throughout the empire that Christianity is to prevail; and there are many who, in anticipation of this event, are anxious to learn what it is, and to take the lead among those who embrace it. Mr. Carnes, a Presbyterian missionary, describes a discourse from a leading priest, in which he set forth how Sahsha, the founder of Buddhism, had taken all the sins of mankind upon himself, and all we had to do was to receive this work by faith. We could not be justified by works of our own, but must do all from a sense of gratitude, and depend upon Sahsha for justification. The Japanese Government has determined to establish two schools in Japan for the education of the children of the higher classes, and have called two Reformed (Dutch) missionaries—Rev. S. K. Brown, D.D., and Rev. G. F. Verbeck—to take charge of them. Both have consented, and will be in a most responsible position. Mr. Verbeck is already in Yeddo, engaged in his school. The Mikado has just moved his court to Yeddo. Dr. Brown is on his way back to Japan.

....The American Methodist Mission in Bareilly, India, reported 289 baptisms last year, giving a total of 665 communicants and 4,000 pupils. The Church Missionary Society added 335 to the number of its communicants in South India, and 616 to the baptized adults during the last 6 months of 1868; and now has in its 571 congregations 9,539 communicants, 39,548 baptized besides 14,257 unbaptized adherents. During a late visitation tour, Bishop Gell confirmed 4,032 native Christians. During 1868 the mission of the American Board in Bombay received 58 additions, a net gain of 36 communicants, raising the entire number to 656, who reside in 152 villages. A purifying process has been going on during the year, rendered necessary by an outbreak of caste feeling. In Rajpootana, Northern India, our American United Presbyterian Mission has suffered from a severe attack of cholera, and the natives, who before had ascribed its immunity to the want of power of the Hindu demons over the bodies of Christians, have regarded this sickliness as a proof of the influence of the avenging deities.

....One of the most beautiful atlases we have ever seen is Grandemann's Mission Atlas, published at Gotha, by Justus Perthes. We are sorry to learn that Rev. Wm. L. Gage, of Hartford, has received very few responses to his circular asking subscriptions for an English edition. We find our German copy invaluable for checking information in this department. The maps are very minute and elegant, and every Protestant or Catholic station, of whatever society, is indicated by distinctive colors. We notice in Africa 13 English societies represented, 7 American, 9 German, 2 French, and 2 Scandinavian. India is credited with a population of 167,000,000 heathen, 26,000,000 Mohammedans, 730,000 Catholics, and 187,000 native Protestants.

....A writer in the *Calcutta Christian Repository* tells a curious story of a Chinese who had a sick son. He make costly offerings to a certain god, with a view to his child's recovery. All was in vain; the child died. Hereupon the father filed a bill in court, charging the god with a breach of contract. The case was duly tried. This idol was brought into court. The father pleaded that he had done everything that the ritual required of him in order to propitiate the deity; but, through some strange perversity or inability, the god had failed to perform his part of the contract. The god had no way of rebutting the evidence. Judgment was accordingly given against him, and he was forthwith expelled the province!

....Rev. Parsegh H. Vartoogian, pastor of the Vianga church in Constantinople, about which there has been some little scandal of late, arising from misunderstandings with the missionaries, informs us that Mr. Minasian, a wealthy Protestant of Constantinople, will soon be in this country to defend before the American Board the position of those who side against the missionaries. He is now in England, communicating, as is reported, with the officers of the Turkish Aid Society. Though very loath to believe that the missionaries have been arbitrary in their action, we are still more desirous that the church's liberty should not be restrained, whether by outside pressure or by an overbearing minority.

....The chief mandarins in Fuh Chau have issued cards in grand style, inviting all the missionaries to a splendid banquet, in token of their good-will. They have, influenced by the result of the Yang Chau affair, issued proclamations in favor of the missionaries, giving them and their converts full protection and saying that their character and objects are good. Yet it is reported that privately they have sent out orders to oppose the missionaries in their efforts to secure rooms and chapels.

....The French cathedral at Canton promises to rival some of the finest in Europe. A large part of the cost has been furnished by the court of Pekin, as compensation for losses endured by the French at Canton and elsewhere, probably in the expulsion of Jesuits two centuries ago. It is said that the scheme of the cathedral was put forth by the Emperor of the French.

....Dr. Samuel Gregory, of the excellent Female Medical College at Boston, earnestly defends, in the *Boston Traveller*, the plan of sending out female physicians. In many parts of India and China a doctor is not allowed to see his female patient, and there seems to be a good field of influence for a lady missionary well trained in medicine.

....The United Presbyterians of Scotland have 6 foreign missions: those of Jamaica, Trinidad, Old Calabar, Caffreland, Rajpootana in India, and Ningpo in China. In these missions are 34 ordained European missionaries, 4 medical missionaries, 7 ordained native preachers, 44 congregations, 5,408 communicants, and 6,846 pulpits.

....A Protestant church in Venice received 26 new members on Easter Sunday; and on the same day 30 were received to a new church in Messina, Sicily. At a late Bible Society meeting held in Naples it was reported that 350,000 copies of the Scriptures had been distributed.

....An annual fair is held in San Isidro, a mile and a half from Madrid. This year it was attended by 300,000 persons; and a Bible-stand was well patronized, there being sold 5,000 Gospels, 70 Testaments, and 23 Bibles.

....Dr. J. Perkins, the Nestorian missionary, expects soon to retire from his field of labor, on account of his infirm health.

Foreign Gleanings.

A terrible crime has lately been committed in London. A man named Duggan, who was employed in a silversmith's house, poisoned his wife, his six children, and then himself. The night before he did this he wrote to the police, telling them their services would be needed at his house the next morning, and that they would have to break open the doors. The police went at once to the house, forced an entrance, and found eight dead bodies. It appeared that the unfortunate man had had to leave his employment, and that the dread of poverty and the workhouse drove him to the frightful deed. The evidence which was given at the inquest showed that the wife must have been a party to the crime, which was committed with the utmost deliberation. The unfortunate pair were known to have been much attached to each other and their children.

....Mr. John Morley has assumed the editorship of the London *Morning Star*, which was lately resigned by Mr. Justin McCarthy. Mr. Morley is a young man of great ability, who already holds a high place in literature. His "Edmund Burke" is a splendid piece of political criticism, and many of his essays in the *Fortnightly Review* (of which he has been for some time the editor), are full of thought and force. He is a man of very advanced Liberal opinions, and is generally ranked among the English Positivists. The *Morning Star*, since it became the organ of the Bright and Cobden school, was edited first by Samuel Lucas, brother-in-law of John Bright; then, on Mr. Lucas's death, by Justin McCarthy, whose resignation of the post now places it in Mr. Morley's hands.

....Miss Kate Terry, a distinguished London actress, has just been married to a wealthy haberdasher, and has left the stage. Such was the news told by the New York *World* one day last week. Did it come by the Cable? Hardly, we presume, for it is but two years old. It was, we think, in the autumn before last that this brilliant young artist married and retired into private life.

....It appears that Mr. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, was the gentleman whom Messrs. Bright and Forster proposed for admission to the Reform Club, and whose "blackballing" led to their resignation. Since then a meeting of the whole body of the members has been called, and Bright and Forster have been induced to withdraw their resignations for the present.

....The Duchess d'Aosta, daughter-in-law of the King of Italy, was lately in so dangerous a condition of health that for a time her life was despaired of. It is now, however, announced that she is out of danger. Victor Emanuel's daughter, the Queen of Portugal, is reported to be in very bad health.

....The Empress Eugenie is to be accompanied on her Eastern trip by an attendant "historiographer." We have not heard who is to be the scribe selected for the occasion; but we think we may venture to announce that it will not be Louis Blanc, or Ernest Renan, or Eugene Pelletan.

....There is again some talk, apparently with a foundation to support it, of Prince Napoleon being summoned to high ministerial office by the Emperor. Such a step would denote a determination to try a liberal policy of a very advanced character.

....Mazzini has issued another circular on the affairs of Italy, in which he declares that "the country is ripe for change; the moment for action has come." There is something touching in the sad sincerity of Mazzini's unconquerable illusions.

....M. de Lesseps has written to England to affirm that, no matter what may be said to the contrary, the Suez Canal will be open for traffic on Wednesday, the 17th of November next.

....The Prince of Wales and several other gentlemen appeared the other night at a party in Buckingham Palace in the new style of evening dress—blue coat with brass buttons.

....John Stuart Mill is in Paris, and is about to be entertained at a banquet by some of the most distinguished politicians and *savans* there.

....Thomas Hughes, M. P., is reported to be hard at work on a life of Alfred the Great.

Pebbles.

A rather singular phase of the old-fashioned parish usages of the puritanical forefathers has just come to light in the staid and sober town of Hanover, Mass. The Rev. Mr. Freeman was settled as pastor of the First Congregational church and Society some fifteen years ago. Mr. F., in his zeal to promote his Master's cause, made himself obnoxious to some of the young men, by strenuously opposing the use of the town hall for balls and kindred gatherings. Thereupon the young men sought revenge in an unheard-of and novel manner. Not having sufficient grace to join the church, they applied for admission to the parish, where grace is not considered a requisite for membership. They were received; and all went smoothly until the annual parish meeting, when the new members voted not to raise anything the coming year for the payment of the pastor's salary, thus virtually and summarily dismissing that gentleman from the duties of his office.

....Among the parishioners of Dr. Bellows, at one time, was a family with the name of Spear. They brought a son to the font to be christened; and when, as is customary, the good doctor leaned over and asked, "What name?" The answer was, "Shake." Somewhat puzzled at the oddity of the name, he afterward asked the parents for an explanation. They replied, "Why, don't you see, with Spear and Shake it makes the Christian name of Shakespeare?"

....These tombstone sentiments are to be read in the Old Lyme cemetery: "Sacred to P. Thacher, who gave good satisfaction in town-office, and rests here till the archangel's voice, more sonorous than nine-fold thunder, wakes the sleeping dead." "Sam Moore here lies, by science led to be a land surveyor; the man is gone." "Mrs. A. Desire, a loving wife and tender mother; she left this base world to enjoy the other in the year 1764."

....An English clergyman lately thanked from the pulpit two courageous members of his congregation who had waited on him to protest, one against the "rapid utterances" of the reverend gentleman, and the other against his dreary, long sermons. So, far from being offended at these friendly remonstrances, the preacher expressed his desire to endeavor to profit by them.

"James! James!" cried an author's wife, "I have been calling you this half hour, and dinner is getting quite cold." "Oh! is it? Well, you know, I have just killed the cruel old uncle. His property, of course, comes to his nephew, Charles, and I am marrying him to Emily. Keep the mutton hot till the ceremony is over, there's a dear."

....Soon after the appearance of Mme. de Stael's novel "Delphine," in which she is said to have introduced Talleyrand in the character of an old woman, she ventured to ask him what he thought of the book. "Delphine!" he replied; "that is the work, is it not, in which you and I are exhibited in the disguise of females?"

....The landlady of a hotel said to a boarder: "Look e'here! I want you to pay your bill, and you must! I have asked you often enough for it; and I tell you now that you don't leave the house until you have paid it." "Good!" said the lodger, "I'll stay with you as long as I live."

....The industrious old lady who walked all over a town down West, with a can in her hand, to procure a quart of the milk of human kindness has been more successful in getting a little jam out of the door. She got the jam on her fingers.

....Not long ago a young married lady in Illinois was found dead in her bed; and a coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "died of convulsions aided by tight lacing."

....A debating club lately discussed the important question, "Whether

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, July 22d, 1869.

THE MURDER OF HELPLESSNESS.

THERE is, at this moment, in the world a certain hideous tract of crime, of which he who approaches it may say, as Dante said when he entered Inferno,

"And to a place I come where nothing shines."

Whoever lifts the veil from the spectacle of secret, sure, unresisted, and unpunished murder now done, every twenty-four hours, throughout the earth, not by fierce men upon their fellows, but by gentle mothers upon speechless and helpless infancy, uncovers without doubt the sorrowfulest and ghastliest subject which can be looked upon.

The turpitude of any crime is not measured by the external commotion it makes, or by the conscious suffering it causes; but rather by the sacredness of the sentiment which is violated in its commission. What more sacred sentiment is there between human beings than that which God has implanted in the breast of parents for their offspring? When the old Hebrew prophet wished to point to the one human tie that would be the last to perish from the human heart, he cried out, with a sort of incredulous horror, "*Can* a woman forget her sucking child?" Alas! the question has lost all its ancient meaning. To ask if a woman can *forget* her sucking child is a tame inquiry in this age, when for a woman to *murder* her sucking child is a commonplace event. And she who is able to rend in pieces the hallowed instinct of maternal tenderness, and then to trample it into the mire beneath her feet—what holy and consecrated thing is left for her to pollute?

The murder of a person already grown, and able to cry an alarm, and to oppose and to strike back, is sufficiently horrible; but there is something too pitiless and fiendish to be fully conceived, too execrable to be adequately cursed by any human curse, in doing to death the innocent and sweet babe that can neither rebuke nor resist.

We have spoken of this crime as one which in the present age is perpetrated throughout the entire earth. And such is the truth. It is a crime without geographical boundaries. It is not limited by any race or religion. The whole human family, civilized and savage, Christian and pagan, stands arraigned and guilty before God in the matter of this ineffable wickedness.

It is a painfully interesting study to inquire into the motives which, in various parts of the world, impel to the commission of child-murder.

There seem to be seven principal motives. The first to be mentioned is the one, probably, of least prevalence. In many countries the sufferings of women at the hands of men are so flagrant as to create in them a deep and sullen hatred for their cruel mates; but among no other people has this hatred taken such a method of gratifying itself as among the Kniste-neaux women. Mackenzie, the traveler, declares that they are addicted to the murder of their children before birth, because of their hatred for the men.

The second motive, and one of very great prevalence in South America and in Asia, is the sorrow of woman over her desolate lot. Horrid testimony to the cruelty of man, that his female companion, from very kindness for her little girl, must bestow upon it the unkindness of murder! What must be the condition of woman in those many lands where death to her is a charity! In portions of South America female infants are murdered by being buried as soon as born; and, according to one authority, this practice has grown so common that whole tribes have become extinct. The Jesuit missionaries testify that the mothers insist that they do it to spare them the woes of womanhood. As a specimen, Father Gamilla relates a pathetic conversation he had with an intelligent Betoya woman: "Would to God," she said, "my mother, when she brought me forth, had loved me so well and pitied me so much as to have saved me from all those troubles which I have endured till this day, and am to endure till death! Can any Indian woman do better for the daughter she brings forth than to deliver it from this slavery, worse than death!"

The third motive, applicable only to female infants, is contempt for the female sex. In China and Hindoostan this is a motive constantly at work. Says Abbe Huc, in his great work on China, referring to "ordinary infanticides as innumerable": "They kill their new-born female children in the most pitiless manner. The birth of a male child in a family is an honor and a blessing; but the birth of a girl is regarded as a calamity."

The fourth motive is the greater expense of rearing and marrying daughters. This leads to thousands of murders. The missionary, Dr. Cumming, estimates that in many districts of China more than one-half of the female children are put to death by their parents. Williams, in his "Middle Kingdom," attributes this largely to the costliness and the pecuniary worthlessness of daughters; and adds that "many who are able to support their daughters prefer to destroy them rather than to incur the expenses of their marriage, which are sometimes great."

The fifth motive is poverty. This is the one most operative in all civilized countries, in Europe, in Asia, in America. The father looks upon every new child as a new burden, an added pest sent to consume his meager substance; and he resolves to destroy it. "The reasons assigned," says Williams, of the Chinese, "for committing the unnatural deed are various. *Poverty* is the leading cause." And so say the coroners of England and of the United States.

The sixth motive is shame. In France, where foundling hospitals are common, the murder of the child of guilt is not the only deliverance from exposure; but how frequently the dread of shame leads to murder in England and America the files of any newspaper will indicate.

The seventh cause may be regarded as pre-eminently the genteel one among Christians—the selfishness, indolence, heartlessness of the fashionable Christian woman of the period. In his tender and beautiful poem, "A Tale of Paraguay," Robert Southey speaks of an impious custom,

"——such as was wont to seal
The unhappy heart with usages severe,
Till hardened mothers in the grave could lay
Their living babes whh no compunctious tear
So monstrous men become, when from the way
Of primal light they turn through heathen paths astray."

It was we, not Southey, who italicized the word "heathen." Ah! "heathen paths" no longer have a monopoly of the slaughter of helpless babes! It used to be one of the tremendous arguments of missionary orators that the Gospel would go into heathen lands now bloody with the blood of infancy, and be a means of doing away with the foul crime. With what face or force could any sensitive man use that argument now in an assemblage of American Christians, a large portion of whom kill their children either before or after birth! One of the coroners of London recently said that every thirtieth woman you meet in the streets of London is a child-murderer. Probably not less than that statement would be the truth in New York, Boston, and Chicago. And what is it all for? In many cases, it is because the ladies cannot go to the opera so often, and cannot see so much company, and cannot be so pretty, if they are obliged to take care of their own children.

Would it not be a good plan to have a few heathen missionaries invited to Christendom; for the heathen excuses for infanticide are far more creditable than the Christian ones. Pagan women kill their child ren because they would save them from a life of hardship, or because they are too poor to raise them; but it is reserved for refined and lovely Christian mothers to kill their babes because they are *such a bother!*

THE CHINESE PUZZLE.

THE American people have a double problem to solve, from the disentangling of which they cannot escape, and the conditions of each of which are singularly different from those of the other. We now stand face to face at once with immemorial civilization and with immemorial barbarism; and are forced to consider what course of conduct as to each is the one demanded by humanity, by the best interests of ourselves as the governing race, and of the weaker parties which call both for restraint and for protection. The Indians and the Chinese stand at the very opposite poles of the world of humanity. The first—sons of the soil, who have been roaming the American wilderness for countless centuries, living by the chase or the very rudest forms of agriculture, without arts, without letters, without laws other than a few prescriptive customs and the will of a chief, tempered by the passions of the council-fire—have been always with us; and we have two centuries of experience, such as it is, to help us in their case. The others coming to us across the Pacific, driven to our shores by the very stress of excessive civilization, dating back for centuries, established and fortified by laws and letters, not only before the Trojan war, but before the mythic days when Cadmus founded Thebes or Jason went in search of the Golden Fleece.

The attitude in which these two classes of human beings present themselves to us is as different as their characters and antecedents. The one despises labor, and holds all activity other than that employed in war or in hunting, in fighting with men or with beasts, as dishonorable and degrading. The other is laborious, frugal, temperate, patient of toil and of injury, asking only for task-work and moderate wages. And yet the doubts and perplexities which the advent and multiplication of this harmless class of emigrants cast over the future of the country are heavier and darker than those that accompany their opposites. For it is of the nature of savage tribes when brought into contact with civilization to die out and disappear from off the earth. The Indian problem, let it be dealt with in whatever spirit of benevolence and justice we can, will settle itself in the process of time. Not so with the Chinese riddle. The Chinese were increasing and multiplying in a ratio unknown to the outside barbarians when the ancestors of these last were roaming savages, scarcely superior to the Red Man of our wildernesses. They have carried minute agriculture and the subdivision of labor to such perfection that the soil of the Celestial Empire has been swarming with humanity ever since Europe had her first glimpse of it. The very necessities of the case have compelled the reluctant emigrations of later years. The superabundance of laborers on the one side of the Pacific and the lack of them on the other have combined to direct the stream from the overflowing reservoir of China to the thirsting coasts of California.

The honorable Senator Casserly proposes to prohibit this flood from setting to these shores, because of the very industry, frugality, and thrift of its component drops. In the interests of laziness and prodigality he would have this tide stayed and forbidden to go any further. But we doubt whether the wisdom even of a Democratic senator is of power sufficient to hinder labor, any more than water, from finding its level. Labor, and intelligent labor, is what a new continent needs; and this it will be sure to have, if it is to be had on paying terms. That the importation of Chinese laborers will continue as long as there is a demand for them we may assume as an axiom of political economy. The question is, How are they to be dealt with when we have got them? The preliminary answer to all the questions which are involved in this one is the same which we have long urged, and has at last been acted upon in the case of the Indians—the Chinese must receive justice at our hands. The disgraceful disabilities to which they are subject in California, which make them the defenseless victims of every villain, must be done away, and they protected in their persons and their property. Their testimony must be taken in courts of justice, like the testimony of all other witnesses, and the protection of the law extended to them as to all others. It is dishonorable to our national name that this shameful anomaly has been permitted to replace that which shut the mouth of the negro before the courts in one-half the country before emancipation. There can be no approach to the wise settlement of the difficulties we must meet until this is done.

We presume that logical minds will be found to hold the best way of protecting the Chinese to be to give them the ballot and let them protect themselves. This having been done to the black man, why not to him of the olive complexion? But others will point out the distinction and the differences of the cases. The black man, they will say, was a native American, speaking the common tongue, and not unsusceptible of the common ideas. Even good anti-slavery men doubted whether he should be invested with political power until he had advanced to a certain stage of intelligence. But the conduct of the white man in the rebel country left no alternative. The enfranchisement of the negro was a political necessity, not only for his own protection, but for that of all of us. The Asiatic fulfills none of these conditions. He does not speak our language; and his political ideas, as far as he has any, are as far removed from ours as Canton is from Boston. He would be merely the gambling implement of political sharpers, as the Irishmen have been in this city. And, as *Putnam's Magazine* has proved that the Catholic religion is the established religion of this state, so it might well come to pass in fullness of time that Fohsm should be that of the Golden State, as the price of Democratic rule. The Chinese might be taken under the tutelage of the nation, like the Indians. We cannot enter at large into this matter now. A general idea of the way in which it might be done is this. Commissioners might be appointed to superintend the immigration, the employment, and the protection of the Chinese laborers. The Society of Friends can supply these, as well as those now in the Indian service, if need be. There might be special magistrates or officials to whom they could resort in case of violence or fraud, whose duty it should be to see that justice were done them in the courts. Their guardians could see that all contracts were observed on both sides. And facilities might be afforded them for returning to their native land when they were ready to go. For there is this circumstance that distinguishes the Chinese from other emigrants, and diminishes the political dangers of the future—that they do not wish to remain permanently here, but that their heart's desire is to return home when they have made a modest competence. To be sure, this would be carrying wealth out of the country; but nothing in comparison with what they would leave behind in the results of their labor.

These suggestions are merely thrown out as indicating a possible way of meeting the difficulties of the case. The whole matter requires careful consideration, in the light of Republican principles, and with reference to all the facts which it involves.

PRESIDENTS IN RETIREMENT.

OUR ex-presidents are more pitiable objects than dethroned monarchs in general. They are a part of the community for whom the law makes no provision. They have no rights that anybody is bound to respect. When they leave the White House, they slump at once into an obscurity so profound that there is no possible hope of emergence from it. The contrast is so great and glaring between the man the day before and the day after the end of his four-years term that it staggers the imagination. It is difficult to comprehend the tremendous change that takes place in the transfiguring moments that make the man of yesterday with his almost unlimited power the man of to-day with no power at all. It is no marvel that no ex-president since the days of John Quincy Adams has ever had the courage to revisit Washington after his term of office had expired until Andrew Johnson lately returned to the scene of his former greatness to see if he could not once more compel attention to his "views." But the ill success he encountered must disillusionize the poor man, and convince him that he is not of the least account to his countrymen. To a person so fond of turbulence it must be terribly mortifying to find that nobody cares enough about him even to quarrel with him. Like all our other ex-presidents, he died politically when he left the White House; and he ought to be willing, like his obscure predecessors, to accept the situation, and wait patiently for the last scene of all, as Mr. Fillmore is doing in Buffalo and Mr. Pierce, poor man, is doing in New Hampshire. Fillmore, and Tyler, and Johnson have been called accidental presidents. But for the past thirty years all our presidents have been accidents—the accidents of nominating conventions, and not presidents by the divine right of the popular will; and when their presidential functions ceased they sunk into a greater obscurity than that from which they had accidentally been lifted. But John Quincy Adams was a man of a different mould. He left the presidency behind him when he left the White House. His occupancy of it had only been an incident of his public career, and not the aim and end of it. His real greatness was earned afterward; and nobody ever spoke of him as they do of his successors, as ex-President Adams, but as John Quincy Adams. He was great before he ever was president; and he became greater in spite of it by his subsequent career as a statesman. Looking upon the really pitiable condition into which our ex-presidents must inevitably fall, while the prevailing method of choosing them is continued, it seems only fair to the respectability of the station they once occupied that some provision should be made by law to save them from the dreadful doom of isolated contempt in which they now drag out their ex-presidential existence. It might shock the sensibilities of human people to propose an ex-presidential suttee, after the manner of Hindoo widows; but then, on the other hand, think what a mercy such an arrangement would be to such men as Mr. Pierce and Mr. Johnson! It is not easy, we must confess, to suggest any proper method of disposing of our ex-presidents in a manner that would be at once agreeable to their feelings and satisfactory to the public. But we should think that Mr. Peabody, with his large-hearted liberality and his cap of Fortunatus, might set apart a sufficient fund to endow an asylum for ex-presidents, where they could be kept in dignified retirement, and, under a wholesome system of restraint, be prevented from making such exhibitions of their imbecility as the unfortunate ex-President Johnson has just been doing.

THE BARS DOWN.

THE bars are down at last. The doors of our oldest university are thrown open to women—not as yet in all departments, but in the most advanced department, covering logically all the rest. The new president of Harvard College announces "university courses of instruction" for the ensuing year to be open "to graduates, teachers, and other competent persons, MEN OR WOMEN."

This virtually settles the question of the joint instruction of the sexes in Harvard College, and in all our colleges. The rest is merely a question of time and, to some extent, of money; as nearly all our college institutions are already straitened for means and accommodations. But the principle is settled. With the high school open to woman on the one side and the post-graduate course on the other, the few years of the undergraduate course remain but a single corner of a besieged fortress, with the assailants in full possession of the main works.

Let us hear no more of "women and idiots," O, Anna Dickinson. Henceforth it is the era of "graduates, teachers, and women."

And it is a cause for special rejoicing that the arrival of women is joined with a new system in education, which would itself form an era, even without them. Simultaneously with their advent, the college becomes a true university. That organization of post-graduate studies, which our colleges have been only groping after, is now put on its right footing. So far as these lectures go, Harvard College accepts the essential features of a German university.

For the new programme involves more than a few scattered courses of lectures. Probably lectures alone, without systematic examinations, are the very poorest intellectual dissipation in the world. But systematic lectures, *followed by examinations for honors*, are the very best means of culture which human wit has yet devised. And such is the announcement of the new "university courses" at Harvard.

There are as yet but two of these courses—one on philosophy, the other on modern literature. These two are, doubtless, experimental, and will be followed by others by and by. But either course, with the necessary private reading, will occupy the whole time of the student for the year.

The course in philosophy comprehends seven series of lectures, two of which are yet unfilled. Prof. Bowen lectures on "Locke and his School"; J. Elliot Cabot, one of the most accomplished scholars in America, expounds "Kant"; John Fisk, a younger man, but already distinguished, though rather as a journalist than as a scholar, discusses the "Positive Philosophy"; Rev. Dr. Hedge, an eminent scholar and a weighty though not very consistent thinker, treats of "Theism, Pantheism, and Atheism"; and, finally, Ralph Waldo Emerson investigates the "Natural History of the Intellect."

Taken singly or collectively, it is a remarkable course of instruction. America has seen nothing like it. From Emerson to Bowen, what a range! And how well are the intermediate parts filled up.

These lectures are to be given on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays throughout the year; the intervening days being assigned to the course on "Modern Literature."

This second course—though, to our thinking, not so well arranged—will be more popular from its themes. Prof. Child will treat admirably of "Early English Poetry," and Prof. W. D. Whitney of the "History and Relations of the German Language." Prof. Bocher will discuss "Moliere and his Period." Prof. J. R. Lowell will be interesting when he treats of "Early Spanish and Italian Literature," in spite of the rather cynical tone which is beginning to chill the writings of this gifted man. Prof. Cutler will find a large theme to handle in "Goethe and Schiller." And Mr. Howells, in his agreeable way, will make all that is to be made out of "Recent Italian Literature."

On the whole, though the gaps in the series are more conspicuous, and we especially miss a fuller treatment of English poetry and French prose, the course will be richly worth attending. Every studious young man will be a gainer for life if he can insert one or two such courses as these between his senior year and the professional school. And who would not wish for his daughters the opportunity of such studies?

It remains to be seen how largely women will attend these lectures. As residence in Cambridge is not required, there is nothing to prevent multitudes from doing it, except the $150 annually. Unhappily, girls generally depend on their fathers for money; and rich fathers will not commonly spend the required sum for this purpose one-half so readily as they would spend it for Newport or Saratoga. As a matter of fact, the daughters of the rich are not so well educated in America as the girls who attend high schools and normal schools. Unfortunately, again, girls of this class have been so long taught that it was their highest duty to toil for the sake of educating their brothers that it will be long before they do their duty by themselves. Suppose that, by way of variety, the brothers should turn round and educate the sisters! Then, we fancy, President Eliot would have to enlarge the lecture-rooms of his "university course." The sooner the better.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

GENTLE reader! will it please you for three or four minutes to turn your eye upon one of the curiosities of American life?

You are, of course, well aware that we have here in America what is called the lecture-system. This phrase does not refer to an arrangement for procuring such literary and scientific discourses as are given to students in universities, or such severe treatises as are read to special audiences at the Social Science Congress, and at the Philological Convention, and at the annual gathering of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. By the lecture-system we all understand that machinery invented by the people, managed by the people, and intended to furnish practical and lively discussions of all subjects—scientific, political, literary, ethical, and æsthetic—which popular assemblages care to listen to.

At least once every year several great journals of the country open their guns and fire an inky broadside into the lecture-system; and, under the impulse of their cannonading—or in spite of it—the lecture-system continues to thrive. Men who have tried to lecture, and have made what the college-boys call a "fizzle," very naturally turn to hack-writing on newspapers, and as naturally avenge themselves by pronouncing the whole lecture business a humbug. But it is idle to pass such a judgment upon a system which for at least forty years has interested and stimulated the minds of millions of people; which has engaged the active support of leading citizens in every intellectual community, which has employed the eloquence of such men as Horace Mann, John Quincy Adams, the elder and the younger Silliman, Edward Everett, President Felton, George Sumner, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Henry Ward Beecher, E. H. Chapin, Curtis, Phillips, Whipple, Youmans, Garrison, Schuyler Colfax, and Charles Sumner; and which, while retaining its hold upon the people of the Eastern States, steadily moves westward with the hardy pioneer, the Pacific Railway, and the course of empire.

But, gentle reader, all this time we are keeping you waiting for that curiosity of American life which we spoke of. Well, then, jump aboard the cars with us—it matters not by what railroad running out of New York; one direction will serve our purpose as well as another. Now we are outside of Gotham. The smoke and the roar of the metropolis have just melted away in the distance. Do you see this pretty town which we are passing? Here they sustain every winter a successful course of lectures. And lo! before we have finished telling you about it, we have reached the next town—just as pretty, just as rich, just as intelligent as the other. But, strange to say, here they try to have lectures, and they always fail—the people will not come out to them. Ah! here we are already at the third town; here lectures succeed wonderfully. At the fourth town they fail; at the fifth they prosper; and so on to the end of the journey. On whatever road you travel, however far you go, it is the same story—a perpetual alternation of success and failure in the item of popular lectures.

This is the phenomenon we present for your inspection. How do you account for it? Why does the lecture-system do well in this town, and do ill in that one, only twenty miles away?

It is common to hear persons in the unsuccessful towns put the case in this style: "Oh, our people won't support lectures; they prefer circuses and negro-minstrels. If we invite Mr. Emerson or Mr. Curtis to come here, the receipts do not pay for lighting the hall; but let a rope-walker come, or the learned pig, or the skeleton man, or the fat woman, and the hall is not large enough for the people!" Very true; but why is it not so in the next town? They have these things, and they have Mr. Emerson and Mr. Curtis too. They are the same sort of people with yourselves—not one whit more intellectual, public-spirited, or wealthy. Depend upon it that when lectures fail continually in any large village or small city in America it is owing to some fatal defect in the conduct of the business. It is owing to bad management. Every American community is predisposed to support lectures, if appealed to in the right way. It is in the management of a lecture-course as in that of a hotel, a mill, a newspaper, or a store—intelligence, skill, energy, perseverance succeed; and with the want of these there is the want of success.

Upon this subject we have been at the pains to make observations and to collect data in all parts of the country; we have seen many towns trying to establish lectures, and not doing it; and we think that we have detected the secret. It is our purpose now to put into a concise and intelligible form the substance of the great art of "*How not to do it.*"

1. Let the object for whose benefit the lectures are to be given be one for which the public have no liking. This has a fine effect in producing a general indifference at the very outset.

2. Let the men prominently concerned in getting up the lectures be persons who enjoy the distrust and displeasure of the community; let them be adventurers, boasters, bankrupts, blatterers, and doubtful characters in general. This will have the charming effect of expanding the previous indifference into hostility.

3. If a committee of such men cannot be induced to serve, it will do almost as well to have inefficient ones—tame, timid, unenterprising persons, men who realize Thoreau's description of "people wanting to be good without being good for anything."

4. Put off making your arrangements with lecturers till very late in the season—in fact, till you are reminded to do so by seeing that the lectures have already begun in the next town. In this way you will happily escape securing the best lecturers in the field, and will thus have a chance to feast on the pickings.

5. Do not have a full course of lectures, do not offer season tickets, do not present to the people the names and dates and subjects of such lecturers as you have; but wait for each lecturer to develop what patronage he can. This is, perhaps, the most valuable part of the whole art. Avoid course tickets, depend on the interest you can drum up for each lecture, and you can be insured a brilliant failure.

6. Have no regular evenings for the lectures; do not give the people a chance to lay their plans ahead for attending; try, especially, to hit upon such evenings as are consecrated by church prayer-meetings in the town. In this way you will succeed in keeping away the persons who would otherwise be almost sure to attend your lectures.

7. If you do have a course, avoid advertising it; beware of printer's ink; dodge the editors; shun the ministers; and, in fine, carefully conceal from the public the fact that you intend to inflict upon them such a treat.

8. If, after all this management, there is still any life left in the lecture-system in your town, do what we have seen tried with astonishing success in a Western town: secure a dingy, unfashionable, and disagreeable hall, very near to the railway station, where two or three times in the course of every lecture locomotives may come up close to the platform and exhilarate the speaker by their melodious whistle and the blowing off of steam, and where the rumbling of cars and the shouts of the workmen will serve to stimulate the inattention of the auditors.

This is our patent recipe for failure in the management of lectures. It is sure. We believe in it implicitly, because we have seen it tried again and again. Indeed, we have never known a town notable for its unsuccessful lecture-system where some essential part of this beautiful recipe had not been stolen and made use of—without our consent.

THE LAST RAILWAY HORROR.

A NEW form of horror has of late been added to the former shapes which railway massacre took upon itself. The hideous crushings and grindings together of human beings by collisions, and the watery deaths to which faithless bridges condemned struggling crowds, are now varied by yet more awful burnings alive of innocent victims, snatched in a few fiery moments of agony from the midst of life into the jaws of death. At the hour of midnight on Wednesday of last week a train full of passengers who had entrusted themselves to the care of the directors of the Erie Railway, wrapped in sleep or enjoying the consciousness of swift and safe conveyance to their destinations, were aroused by a shock, an overturn, a consuming fire, and a horrid death. A respected clergyman of this city was the victim who will excite the most sympathy, from his professional and social position and his numerous friends. But the lives of the poor emigrants, who had up-rooted themselves from their native soil, in the hope that their offshoots might find a more prosperous growth in this new land, whose very personal identities cannot be separated from the charred mass of humanity—their lives were all as dear to them and as precious to those that loved them as that of this excellent and useful minister. This shocking occurrence has arrested for a moment the attention of our hasty and hurrying generation, to be relaxed we fear almost before the victims are fairly in their graves.

And yet surely such facts as these should excite more than an exclamation of horror as we glance at the morning's paper over the breakfast-table—hastily casting our eye on the returns of dead, wounded, and missing, to be sure that the horror has not entered within the charmed circle of our own love or acquaintanceship. For we all travel; we are an itinerating, touring, voyaging generation; and we are so often and so much at the mercy of the rail, the steam, the fire that it would seem as if it were one of the duties the nearest to us to guard against the dangers which attend upon them. And nothing can well be clearer than that all that could be guarded against. Not a tithe, perhaps not a hundredth part of the loss of life and limb by railway accidents has been due to causes which could not have been foreseen and avoided. In next to no instances is the hasty verdict of popular opinion, or of legal investigation, that no blame attaches to the company, really founded in truth. With due attention to the choice of their agents and servants, and a proper supervision on the part of the directors and engineer of the railway of its condition, an accident would be as nearly impossible as is consistent with human conditions. The engines in good order, the wheels and axles of the carriages sound, the rails in good condition, the bridges and dangerous crossings specially guarded, and the servants and *employes* of the company men of sobriety and discretion, an accident of a grave character would scarcely be possible.

This last consideration is the most important of all. Everything depends on the character of the men having the charge of the fearful agents which hurry us with the swiftness of the wind to the ends of the land. "The car without horses, the car without wings" does not fly on "its pale iron edge" of its own volition. It is human intelligence and skill that inspire it with life and direct its flight. And this intelligence and skill, to which such enormous interests are committed, are often of the lowest order, because such are to be had cheapest in the market. This very massacre at Mast Hope was owing to the negligence of the man whose business it was to see that the freight train was duly *shunted* upon the siding. The work being but partly done, a portion of the cars lay across the track of the express train, and hence the accident. The vials of public indignation will be poured out upon his head, and he will be made the scapegoat to carry the sins of the corporation into the wilderness of the world. And he will deserve richly whatever punishment may be meted out to him. But the fault lies behind him, and rests on the persons employing him, who might have had one incapable of such a careless crime.

Our remedy, or rather our preventive of railway accidents is two-fold, partly to proceed from the corporation and partly from the state. The law of supply and demand should not apply to the procuring of servants on whom such tremendous interests of life, limb, and property depend as on these employed on railways. A rate of salary or wages should be given to them according to the responsibility imposed on them, such as shall secure the services of a much higher and more trustworthy class of men than those now employed. Men of absolute sobriety, of tried fidelity, of assured conscientiousness are to be had for the humblest of these posts (often the most important ones) if it be made worth their while. And this would be true economy. Probably the money loss of this Mast Hope accident to the company will amount to more than the difference necessary to have secured such men as we have described for five years. The company having done their duty, the state should support them by severe penalties attached to accidents arising from carelessness. No false sympathy should interpose between the man causing a catastrophe and punishment. There will be few accidents on the railways when men of the character above indicated are employed upon them, and when these know that the penitentiary is sure to visit a fatal neglect of duty.

THE SACREDNESS OF THE MAILS.

THE public mail is the proper medium of confidential intercommunication to the whole people. Thoughts and sentiments, particulars and places, are committed to writing, to be sent in sealed letters through the mails, almost as freely as they would be whispered in the ear in the closest intimacy of the private dwelling or in the inmost closet of secret consultation. The very well-being of society, the sweet confidences of home life, the success of most important business arrangements, depend upon the security of letters in the mails against the arts of prying curiosity or the violence of unprincipled robbery. For a long period the sacredness of the mails seemed to be recognized by the whole public sentiment, so that any violation or robbery of the mails would send a shock through the whole community, as if an act of shameless sacrilege had been perpetrated, like an outrage upon the dead or an indignity against religion.

Under the power of such an all-pervading sentiment of almost reverence for the sacred character of the mails crimes against the post-office laws were among the rarest of offenses. It was but seldom that even village gossip charged the subordinates of the postmaster with prying into the privacy of letters. That a great and disastrous change has now taken place is but too well known by almost universal experience. Formerly the safety of the mails was so generally recognized that people had no fears of sending money or other valuables in their letters. This convenience of sending money by mail has been one of the attractions of our American currency that has made paper money so generally popular, and frustrated every attempt to replace paper with coin in the minor daily transactions of the people. The resolute attempt in General Jackson's time to abolish the use of paper currency utterly failed chiefly because the people liked the convenience of paper. Newspaper publishers used to advertise that they would take the risk of all money sent by mail, and newspaper interests were built up in no small degree through this convenience.

But now the reverence for the sacred inviolability of the mails seems to be all gone; and letters and their contents committed to the chances of the mail seem to be regarded almost as free plunder. Those who are employed in handling letters act as if they thought the only wrong in robbing them is the chance of being found out. Things have come to such a pass that prudent people no longer think it safe to send (paper) money by mail. Newspaper publishers give notice to their patrons that they will not be responsible at all for money sent by mail. The only security is in getting a post-office money-order, and this is beset with so many rules and conditions that the inconvenience is very considerable. If this state of things is to continue, the effect will be to curtail the subscriptions for newspapers, as well as numerous other small transactions by mail between parties living at some distance apart and requiring the transmission of money. The use of the mails in forwarding important papers, deeds, receipts, law-documents, and the like must be greatly impaired, because the thieves, when they have taken a fat letter, in the belief that it contains money, will be most likely to destroy both letter and contents, to escape detection, quite regardless of the loss they may inflict upon others by the loss of valuable papers, which perhaps cannot be replaced. The evils of this insecurity of the mails are wholly beyond calculation. The very life of society will be poisoned if things are allowed to come to such a pass that we can no longer depend upon the inviolability of the mail. There ought to be a general rousing up of public feeling on the subject, that will make the postal authorities feel the necessity of applying an effectual remedy for the evil at every cost. We must have safe mails, or the advance of civilization cannot go on.

The responsibility for applying an effective remedy to this evil rests ultimately with the Government of the United States. It is the business of every individual postmaster to keep his own office clear, and to be sure that none of those under his control are wicked enough to rob the mails, or in any way to violate the sacredness of the mails. Every clerk and every carrier ought to feel that his individual character is bound up with the reputation of the post-office. It ought to be so that it would be held an almost infallible voucher for a man's integrity to say that he had long been employed in the post-office, where none but honest men are ever tolerated. But it depends on the higher authorities of the department to diffuse through all its branches such a vigor of spiritual life, such an *esprit du corps* as would enlist all the energies of every individual to resist temptation, to guard against violation, to track the wrong-doer through all his hiding-places, and to bring to the light every hidden deed of darkness. The very center of life to the whole is the Postmaster-General himself; and, if he is what the exigences of the office demand, he will inspire his whole force of subordinates with the determination that these violations of the mails MUST BE STOPPED.

The character and success of the administration is deeply concerned in this matter. By the constitutional provision in favor of a post-office the trust is devolved upon the National Government alone to furnish the people with all the practicable conveniences of the mail. The people have no other resource for these conveniences. By the advancement of society these conveniences have acquired an importance wholly unknown when the Constitution was framed, making the post-office one of the most vital and responsible branches of the Government. It is the duty of the President of the United States to see and know that the post-office is properly administered. He must not only abstain from neutralizing the safeguards of law by a weak frivolity in pardoning violators of the mails; but he must be sure that the officers specially charged with this business are qualified for their place, know their duty, and will do it at every hazard.

A case has recently come to light in connection with the Brooklyn post-office, which may well call for a general scrutiny all around the board. A young man named Tunison, a clerk in the post-office, has been detected in the most reckless and wholesale destruction of letters, for the sake of plundering those that contained money or other valuables. It took about a week to put a stop to his robberies. How long he had been carrying on in this way is known only to himself. How much money he has gained, or how many other letters of valuable information he has destroyed, it is equally impossible to determine.

The editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, Mr. Stone, who lives in Brooklyn, says that he took up a case more than six months ago, and, after repeated applications to the Brooklyn officials, without effect, reported it to the Department at Washington, and received an assurance, March 23d, that an investigation should be made. As nothing came of it, he wrote repeatedly to the Department, but without any effect, until he sent a messenger to make personal inquiry at the General Post-office. There he found that the post-office detectives had never heard of the complaint; but all had been wound up with *red tape* and consigned to oblivion. A fresh application was then made out, and the overhauling that followed at length led to the detection of this unfaithful clerk.

The whole affair is a shocking example of the demoralization which exists in our public offices, and shows the imperious necessity there is of a general awakening of the moral sense of the community. Where should the needed reformation begin, but at the post-office, where everybody's interests are so directly involved, and where the temptations as well as the facilities for wrong-doing are so great that our main security must be in the personal integrity of the officials, their vigilant energy in detecting wrong, and their unbending firmness in the administration of strict justice upon offenders?

Editorial Notes.

WE regret to see that the *Morning Star*, the organ of the Freewill Baptist denomination, which did such excellent service in the anti-slavery struggle, has, in reference to the new question of woman's rights, plunged into the deepest slough of old-fogrism. It talks about this question as if the advocates of the new reform were skeptics, and as if the authority and value of the Bible were somehow involved in its settlement. All this is simply absurd. The authority of the Bible is involved here just as it was in the struggle to establish republican government in face of the precept "Honor the king"; and just as it was in the effort to abolish slavery in spite of the text "Servants, obey your masters," and of the fact that Paul sent Onesimus back to Philemon. Certain false interpretations of the Bible have indeed been exposed and refuted in the triumph of republicanism and the overthrow of slavery; but the Bible itself holds its place in the esteem and reverence of enlightened men. And so it will be with the cause of woman's rights. The attempt to set the Bible against that cause will fail and put its authors to shame. Susan Anthony answered these false interpreters wisely and wittily at Saratoga. "You men," she said, "have put St. Paul out of the way whenever he has stood between you and a pet project. He said obey the king; but you did not do it when you turned the king's tea out in Boston harbor." It is quite time that sensible men ceased to disgust the world by their attempts to support every old abuse and every oppressive restriction upon human rights by passages of Holy Writ. It is their folly that so often leads those not familiar with the Bible to speak irreverently of its claims; and then they gravely quote the irreverent speeches which they have themselves provoked as a proof that the champions of reform are infidels! Let the *Morning Star* try its hand at refuting the arguments of Bishop Simpson and Henry Ward Beecher in favor of woman's equality, instead of repeating the cant and drivel of those who are always treating the Bible as if it were the enemy of human progress.

....Again and again have we proclaimed that it is contrary to our rules (except for the purpose of correcting erroneous statements, injurious to some person or persons) to print formal replies to articles appearing in our columns; and yet scores of writers continue to send us such replies. Let them save their paper and ink henceforth. The rule excluding such things is imperative, as the only means of keeping us out of a boundless sea of controversy; for replies provoke rejoinders, and rejoinders are almost sure to bring surrejoinders, and so on without end. Our correspondents are accorded a large degree of liberty in the choice and treatment of subjects; and are by no means always expected to agree with us or with each other. We only insist that each one shall speak for himself, and give his views independently of what may have been said by other writers in our columns. On the Woman question, for example, our views are well known. We are warmly in favor of Woman's Suffrage, and mean to make THE INDEPENDENT the champion of the good cause; but we do not, on that account, refuse to print the argument of a prominent contributor on the other side, or deem it necessary to accompany such an argument with either an answer, a protest, or a disclaimer. We have so much confidence in the soundness of our views on this subject that we can see them ridiculed and caricatured with perfect equanimity; and, if an opponent so far forgets himself as to resort to weapons of abuse, we know that he thereby damages not our cause but his own. We probably receive a full cart-load of manuscripts every year, each one written in reply to something that we have published, and illustrating the ease with which, under the influence of the combative faculty, one writer can pick another to pieces. There are cases, no doubt, where discussion may properly assume this controversial form; but, as a general rule, the system of attack and reply in newspapers is an unmitigated nuisance, offering temptations to shallowness, self-conceit, and crude and hasty utterances, and tending rather to confuse than to enlighten the minds of readers.

....The English Government and the House of Commons have acted just as might have been expected in regard to the amendments introduced by the House of Lords into the Irish Church Bill. All the "amendments" of the Lords which were of the slightest importance or involved in any way the principles of the measure—such as the "leveling up" or concurrent endowment alterations, and the postponement of the appropriation of the surplus fund—have been rejected by large majorities. The bill goes back to the Lords in the same shape substantially as it was before they ventured to mutilate and disfigure it. There is not the slightest probability that the Commons will recede from the position they have taken up; and already there are many manifestations out of doors of a popular determination to compel the Lords to give way. The Reform League—the dreaded leveler of landmarks, before whose sudden pressure miles and miles of the railings of Hyde Park gave way—is bestirring itself and making ready for a vigorous campaign. But the chances are that the Lords will give way. The Earl of Derby has handed in a protest, signed by 47 peers, against the bill *in toto*, on the ground that it is a confiscation of property, a measure aimed at the destruction of the English Church also, and so forth. Perhaps the deliverance of this protest will content the Peers; and, having thus lib. erated their souls, they will agree to the alterations just made by the House of Commons. For

more than the Congregational Union often thinks it wise to give. Cheyenne is a place of 5,000 inhabitants, and the capital of Wyoming Territory.

....Rev. Donald McLeod, of Linlithgow, a brother of Dr. Norman McLeod, was lately inducted into Park church, Glasgow, the wealthiest and most liberal congregation in the Established Church of Scotland. In replying to the toast for his health, Mr. McLeod humorously mentioned the following anecdote:

"I confess that I had hoped to have been permitted to live and die at Linlithgow. Indeed, my old beadle (who was at the park today, by the way,) was very much of the same mind. I remember that when I first went to Linlithgow he took me into the graveyard, and, showing me the graves of my predecessors, said: 'There's where Dr. Bell lies, and there's where Dr. Dobie lies, and there's where you lie, if you are spared.' [Laughter and applause.] He was indignant with me when I accepted the call. 'Well,' he said, 'ye are the first minister that was ever lifted out o' Linlithgow except to the grave'; and I don't think he yet pardons me for having deprived him of that satisfaction. [Renewed laughter.]"

....A man has appeared in a country district of Poland who pretends to be our Saviour come again to save the world. He has selected 12 apostles and pretends to heal the sick. Having gained considerable popularity, he is now turning to politics. He denounces the peasantry for their indifference to the rising of 1863, calls upon them to repent and prepare for new efforts, and prophesies the speedy re-establishment of the old Polish Kingdom. The authorities might look with indifference upon the religious pretensions of the impostor; but they naturally do not feel quite so easy about passionate appeals to the people to rise against the existing government. They are, therefore, using all means to put the movement down. They are apparently finding the task a somewhat more difficult one than they had at first anticipated.

....The Cumberland Presbyterians originated in a schism in Kentucky over 50 years ago, when ministers of the Cumberland Presbytery undertook to license some laymen to meet a pressing want, notwithstanding the fact that they had not been thoroughly educated. We see that the colored members believe that the rudiments of education is necessary, if we can judge from the following paper that was adopted by a convention of over 50 colored ministers lately held in Murfreshoro, Tennessee:

Whereas, We believe it to be dangerous to the prosperity of religion to entrust the preaching of the Gospel to ignorant men; therefore, be it

Resolved, By this convention that we do most earnestly beseech all the presbyteries not to ordain any more men for us who cannot read, nor any under 30 years of age who cannot both read and write.

....Professor Mitchell, a Baptist clergyman from Missouri, we believe, writes from Athens that he has "just baptized a Greek at sunrise, under the shadow of the Acropolis, for the first time using the Greek as a living language in uttering a Baptist formula." We had supposed that Dr. King, and Mr. Constantine, and Mr. Kalopothakes, and other agents of the American and Foreign Christian Union in Greece always practiced baptism by immersion, according to the regular Greek form. So far as possible, it is, we believe, their aim to use Greek methods, forms, creeds, and formulæ, so as to be recognized as a reform party within the church.

....Ground has been broken in New Haven for the new theological seminary. President Woolsey dug the first spadeful or two, and then "handed the implement gallantly over to Mrs. Prof. Dwight, who, with surpassing grace, continued the spadeful labor. Mrs. Prof. Hoppin and Day also took part in the same labor. The efforts of the ladies were highly appreciated, the sober old professors clapping their hands with great glee at each successful dig." These ladies cannot vote, but to dig they are not ashamed. The cornerstone is to be laid this week.

....Brigham Young seems to be quite complaisant about allowing preachers to hold forth in his Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City. On a late occasion Bishop Kingsley (Methodist) preached there, and about the same time Dr Backus (Baptist). After Dr. Backus had finished, Elder Taylor, a shrewd Mormon, held forth, stating that on some points he did not agree with the preachers, and giving the grounds of his dissent. He is reported by a Baptist of the party to have spoken well, and to have handled the Doctor without mittens.

....The *Observer* has been suggesting that the time might not be far distant when the (Dutch) Reformed Church might be ready to join the great reunited Presbyterian phalanx. This excites the ire of the *Intelligencer*, which inflicts on that paper a column or two of its bitterest slang, quite reminding us of the time a year ago when it called THE INDEPENDENT a "howling jackal," and kindred sweet names, for the offense of recounting a fable of the history of a secession church in New Haven which had been welcomed to its embrace.

....The *Living Church* is the name of the new "Broad Church" monthly, with "Low Church" sympathies, which is now issued in this city. It takes the form of the *Protestant Churchman*, and the latter paper publishes no number on the first week of the month, but sends its patrons the *Living Church* instead. Some of them complain of the change, as not giving them sufficiently polemic churchmanship, though some of the ablest writing in the Church papers we have found in it.

....The scheme for Presbyterian reunion has been unanimously approved by 11 New School presbyteries, and 12 Old School presbyteries have also voted unanimously, with the exception of one vote in New York and 2 votes in Philadelphia. Professor Charles Hodge says he shall vote against the plan, but shall submit to the inevitable. Some are complaining that these presbyteries vote before the day of special prayer on the subject recommended by the General Assemblies.

....Mr. Spurgeon has found it necessary to deny formally the oft-repeated slander that he believes "there are infants in hell a span long." He says: "I have always believed in the salvation of all infants; and I intensely detest the opinions which your opponent dared to attribute to me. I do not believe that on this earth there is a single professing Christian holding the damnation of infants; or, if there be, he must be insane or utterly ignorant of Christianity."

....Of the 450,000 inhabitants of Jamaica only about 40,000 belong to the Established Church, which is supported out of the public revenues. An effort is now making to have the Church there disestablished. Earl Granville, the colonial secretary, says that any scheme would be favorably received by the cabinet which aimed at the moral, intellectual, and religious culture of the subject race, without giving ascendancy to any particular class.

....During 25 years the Congregational and New School Presbyterian churches of Illinois, which now number 350, have received not less than half a million dollars of aid, mainly from the American Home Missionary Society. Last year there was received from the A. H. M. Society $19,825, and $5,176 were paid back in donations. The determination is in 1876 to cut loose from leading-strings and support their own mission-work.

....The Rev. George Gilfillan, it is said, has refused the offer of an honorary degree from an American college, on account of the "scandalously indiscriminate and partial manner" in which such honors have recently been conferred. It seems incomprehensible why a few insignificant colleges, managed by Americanized Scotchmen, should be so prodigal of these gifts to their countrymen.

....Dr. Robert Patterson, of Chicago, delivers in the *Presbyter*, of Cincinnati, a most racy obituary discourse over the sudden death of the *Northwestern Presbyterian*. The substance of it is that all who knew the deceased are satisfied; its old enemies because it repented just before death for its opposition to reunion, and its old supporters because it died so soon after repenting.

....The Albany Presbytery has for two years been trying to secure some system of systematic benevolence among its churches. In 1867 eight churches contributed to all the objects on the Presbyterian schedule, in 1868 thirteen, in 1869 twenty. In New York we know that some churches refuse to contribute for the Publishing Board, though glad to contribute to all the others.

....The editor of the *Wesleyan* sends us a communication trying to prove that the Wesleyan Church in Seneca Falls, N. Y., changed its name and relationship in an underhanded way. We have received also a certified assurance from the church and its officers that the matter was honorably done; and we are quite disposed to believe it. We have no space to discuss it.

....Bishop Kip, of California, and Bishop Whitehouse, of Illinois, reject the word "Protestant" from the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The late Bishop Scott, of Oregon, regarded Protestantism as a blunder, believing that Luther and his colaborers erred in withdrawing from the communion of the Romish Church.

....Dr. H. M. Scudder, the eloquent Presbyterian preacher of San Francisco, recently opened his pulpit to an address on Sabbath evening by Miss C. A. Jacobs, a lady who had considerable experience as nurse during the war, and who narrated many interesting circumstances of camp and field. The church was crowded.

....A Protestant Episcopal exchange announces that one of the bishops of that church "recently refused ordination to a respectable minister of another Christian body on the grounds that the tone of his preaching was *not churchlike, but savored of the influences among which he had been brought up.*"

....The Methodist vote on lay representation does not promise to go over 150,000, of which about three-fourths will be in favor of the measure. The *Advocate* says that those churches which had tried the experiment when connected with other branches of Methodism have generally voted against it.

....The Wesleyans of England increase slowly, having added but 3,180 to their membership the past year, giving them a total of 345,562. They have not yet made up the loss of 1851 to 1855, during which period a large number of their membership seceded to form another Methodist body.

....The Dean of Ripon is waging war against the absurd popish devices that are finding their way into English churches in the shape of stained glass windows of "medieval style." One lately erected represents Peter with a cardinal's scarlet cloak, a double cross, and a pope's tiara.

....The new St. John's church, East Hartford, Conn., is to be quite a St. Albans affair, if we can judge from the elaborate description of its candles and altar-cloths. It has grown up under the special fostering of the professors of Trinity College.

....The corner-stone of the new edifice of the Puritan Congregational church of East Brooklyn, Rev. C. H. Everest pastor, was laid last Sabbath. The church was organized July 17th, 1864, with but 28 members. Now there are 473.

....A Congregational society has just been organized in Baton Rouge, La., embracing the leading Union citizens of that city. Rev. E. P. Strickland, of Dowagiac, Mich., is expected to assume charge of it in the autumn.

....The American College of the Propaganda at Rome has thus far received $189,000 toward its endowment, through the energetic labors of Father Doane, who is son of one Episcopal bishop and brother of another.

....The Hanson-place Baptist church, Brooklyn, are quite unwilling to allow their eloquent pastor, Rev. Robert Lowry, to leave them for a college professorship. They voted last week not to accept his resignation.

....The eldest son of the late Lord Stanley, of Alderly, became a convert to Mohammedanism some years ago, while an *attaché* to the embassy at Constantinople. By his father's death Islam now invades the House of Lords.

....The International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association held a spirited meeting in Portland, Me., last week. There were present 773 delegates, besides corresponding members.

....Both the American Board and the Presbyterian Board for Foreign Missions are just now appealing earnestly for aid. The former must receive $200,000 during July and August to avoid debt.

....The Congregational churches in Oak Park and in Batavia, Ill., have taken up the rented-seat system, after trying without satisfaction the free-seat system.

....We had supposed that the pews in Rev. Robert Collyer's new church in Chicago were to be free, but are surprised to learn that they have been rented at auction.

....The Presbyterians are looking after the "mixed churches" in this state. Those in Peru and Plattsburg have chosen elders and become Presbyterian.

....The Wisconsin Lutheran Synod has left the General Council, as being too liberal(!), and has connected itself with the hardshell Missouri Synod.

....Two young men from the Chicago Theological Seminary are expected to enter the Oregon field this fall.

....Plymouth church, Brooklyn, was robbed last week of its silver-plated communion service.

....The Five Points Mission has had 1,669 children in its week-day school the past year.

News of the Week.

IN the absence of any absorbing news of public importance, very trifling occurrences are seized upon with eagerness by a news-loving people, and personal affairs of no moment are lifted into the domain of national events. A purely recreative visit of President Grant and his family to the summer resorts of Cape Island and Long Branch have caused almost as much excitement as his movements were wont to do when we knew less of him than we do now, when he was besieging Fort Donelson and Vicksburg. His leaving Washington in a Government steamer, instead of taking passage in an ordinary steamboat, like an ordinary traveler, has been magnified into a political offense—though in so doing he has only imitated the example of all the officers of the Government, from the President down to surveyor of the port, for the past eight years. His expected arrival at Long Branch on Sunday last caused a great rush of New Yorkers to that crowded watering-place, who had the mortification of learning, after they got there, that he stopped at Cape Island with the "Tallapoosa," one of our national ships which happily escaped a change of name by order of Secretary Borie, who accompanies the President as a guest by special invitation.

....One day last week New Yorkers were a good deal mystified by a deafening salute of a hundred guns in front of the City Hall, to the great annoyance of the denizens within ear-shot of the park. Nobody knew what the pother was about, though it was surmised that it was in commemoration of the landing of the new Atlantic Cable at St. Pierre; for the innocent public knew of no other event likely to call for such a noisy demonstration. It was discovered after a while that the salute was fired by order of the Mayor in honor of the arrival of the yacht "Dauntless" at the Cove of Cork. Of course, there could have been no intention on the part of the Mayor to conciliate the *Herald* by such an act, and secure a favorable notice when His Honor should seek a re-election, or be ambitious of succeeding his predecessors in Albany, the "Dauntless" being the pleasure-yacht of Mr. Bennett, Junior.

....The recent French elections have terminated in giving France a new ministry, but one more devotedly Imperial than the old one. The hope expressed by some very sanguine editorial writers over here that Prince Napoleon might be the new president of the senate, in place of M. Schneider, had very slender ground to rest upon. Minister of the Interior, De Forcade la Roquette; Minister of Justice, Duvergier; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Auvergne; Minister of Finance, Pierre Magne; Minister of Commerce, Alfred Leroux; Minister of Public Works, Gressler; Minister of Marine, Admiral Genouilly; Minister of War, Marshal Niel; Minister of Public Instruction, Bourbeau; Minister President of the Council of State, Chasseloup. M. Rouher is referred to by the *Public* newspaper as likely to preside over the senate.

....The governor of Virginia, Colonel Walker, has been on a visit to his friends and relatives in Binghamton, and he stopped a short time in New York. He is reported to have said that his could not be regarded in any other light than a Republican victory, and as an approval of the policy of the National Administration. There are reports from Richmond that General Canby has written to the members-elect of the new legislature, individually, to find out how many are competent to take the test oath. In case there is a quorum able to qualify, he will call the legislature together, excluding those unable to take the oath, and have United States senators elected and the Fifteenth Amendment ratified.

....We had imagined that Fort Lafayette would never again be heard of as a place of confinement for state prisoners. But it seems that there is enough of the old castle remaining to serve the purpose of a bastile. The revenue cutter "Mahoning" and the tugboat "Rocket" arrived at the navy-yard Saturday morning, with 135 filibusters on board, in charge of a company of marines. The men were captured at a camp on Gardiner's Island, being the remnant of Col. Ryan's command. Marshal Barlow ordered their imprisonment in Fort Lafayette.

....The Spanish Regency are not having an easy time of it, and it may be found necessary before long to proclaim the republic in order to secure peace. A dispatch from Madrid, dated the 17th, says: "Two commissioned officers and three sergeants of the garrison of Valladolid and several volunteers of that city have been arrested. They are charged with being engaged in a Carlist intrigue."

....The Powell Expedition, which went on an exploring expedition on the Colorado River, and which was reported to have been swallowed up in a whirlpool, has at last been heard from. A St. Louis dispatch states that letters dated July 4th, have been received at Green River, announcing that all of the party were well, and that the rapids had been passed through with the loss of but one boat.

....We are beginning to hear of disasters on the Pacific roads. Several have recently occurred on the Union Pacific Railroad, in consequence of the late heavy rains. The train which left St. Louis on Wednesday was wrecked at a point 500 miles west of Omaha, by the caving in of an embankment. One passenger was killed and several badly injured.

....Revolts in Sing Sing have been very frequent, proving that there must be a very imperfect system of discipline in operation there. At Sing Sing Prison, on Thursday, seven hundred men refused to go to work; and in consequence were locked up in their cells. Since then three hundred have returned to their duty.

....No authentic news of interest has been received from Cuba the past week; but a dispatch dated Havana on the 18th inst. says: "Several thousand Remington rifles were shipped from this port yesterday to Sagua la Grande, Remedios, and Neuvitas, to arm the volunteers about to take the field against the rebels."

....The Columbia Typographical Union, in Washington, has decided to amend its constitution so that the congressional printer may increase the number of his apprentices, and to postpone the case of Douglass, the colored applicant for membership, until the next stated meeting in January.

....The President issued a proclamation on Thursday designating the 15th of November as the time for submitting the constitution adopted by the convention which met in Austin, Texas, on the 15th of June, to the voters of that state registered at the time of such submission.

....A telegram from London gives information that the report of the victory of the Allies over Lopez in Paraguay is confirmed by Rio advices to the 20th ult. It is further stated that a treaty establishing a provisional government for Paraguay has been concluded.

....A meeting was recently held in Memphis, Tenn., of the friends of Galvin and Moody, the condemned murderers, at which it was resolved to give a ball, and use the proceeds in securing a commutation of the sentence passed upon the criminals.

....District-Attorney Pierrepont and Marshal Barlow received commissions from the President last week authorizing them to call on the military and naval forces to protect the neutrality laws in case of necessity.

....Additional advices from Rio Janeiro represent that the Allied army in Paraguay, after their recent victory, advanced to Villa Rica, and at last accounts commanded all the approaches to the place.

....The proceedings in the Yerger *habeas corpus* case have been suspended, and the questions involved will be brought before the United States Supreme Court at an early day.

....The Spanish Cortez has adjourned until October. During the intermission a select committee is to supervise the affairs of the country.

....It is officially announced that the ceremony of opening the Suez Canal will take place on the 17th of November.

....The attendance of Russian bishops at the Œcumenical Council is forbidden by the Czar.

....France and Prussia have recognized the Regent of Spain.

Publisher's Department.

LONG BRANCH.

To those of our readers who are thinking of visiting this favorite place of resort we would say excellent facilities are afforded by the *Delaware Bay R. R.* line for an excursion there daily, leaving Pier 32, foot of Duane street, at 9 A. M., on the fine steamer "Neversink," reaching the city on the return trip at 5.15 P. M., giving nearly 4 hours on the shore. The "Jesse Hoyt" leaves daily, except Sundays, at 4 P. M.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

WE have executed all the orders sent to us for the Grant and Colfax steel engravings up to this date. We shall hereafter fill those sent us within *one week* after their receipt, and in the order in which they are registered on our books. We hear but one opinion in regard to these engravings. "They are splendid." "They are perfect." "They are magnificent." "They are alone worth *twice* the cost of THE INDEPENDENT." "How can you afford to give them both away for one new subscriber?" "I shall tell all my friends and neighbors what a splendid gift you offer." Such is the talk of our subscribers and friends who have seen or received these engravings. Ritchie, the artist, never has done himself more credit, and never has produced better likenesses. Those who order them, we *positively guarantee*, shall be perfectly satisfied, or they may return them at our expense, any time within ten days after their receipt, and we will refund the money and cancel the subscriptions. We mean one and all shall say that this present is the best and most valuable ever made in the country as a premium for *one* subscriber. We expect to give them away by *tens of thousands*. Reader, send us one new subscriber, and get them, and then tell us plainly whether we have spoken extravagantly.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

WE are now sending out through the post-office the splendid *steel* engravings of Grant and Colfax, by Ritchie, the celebrated artist. The orders are being executed in the order in which they were received, as registered on our books.

We respectfully ask every person receiving these valuable presents to show them to their friends and neighbors, and ask them one and all to send on their subscription, and obtain them. *Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, or the money will be refunded.* The presents alone are richly worth twice the subscription price of the paper. $2 50 obtains *both* engravings and THE INDEPENDENT for one year. Such inducements for single subscribers were never offered before by any paper in America.

RITCHIE'S ENGRAVING.

"AUTHORS OF THE UNITED STATES."

WE are now prepared, with a fresh supply, to fill orders for this celebrated engraving as fast as received. We have already delivered this great premium to more than *one thousand* subscribers, and the demand continues unabated. Every mail brings more orders. Specimens are on exhibition at our office, and it is a wonder to all who see them "how such a splendid premium can be *given away* for four subscribers." It is a picture which, in any position, will *always* attract attention; for it contains the faces of many of the ablest and best known Americans. When hung upon the wall, no person can fail to notice and admire it. We are sending them, upon the terms proposed, into every part of the United States and into Canada, also to Europe. We ask our friends in every neighborhood *promptly* to avail themselves of our liberal offer. We positively *guarantee entire satisfaction* in every case, or the money will be refunded and the subscriptions canceled. We believe this engraving to be the most beautiful and most valuable present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

We mean our readers shall understand that there is no humbug in our premium-list—that what we represent we mean *literally*; hence the immense number of orders that are now daily and by *every mail* pouring in upon us.

Reader, look over again our tempting offers, and see if anything is wanted. If you have not already ordered the engravings of Grant and Colfax on the liberal terms proposed, let us hear from you at once. The print-stores would charge *four dollars* for these two engravings, or nearly fifty per cent. more than we ask ($2 50) for THE INDEPENDENT for one year, with your the engravings included. Send alongboth orders.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

ANY person who will obtain four new subscribers, and send us the money, ten dollars, will be presented with both engravings as a reward for his or her services. Each of the new subscribers thus obtained, of course, will receive both engravings also. Any active person, male or female, it is believed, can obtain these presents for an hour's work.

We want *all our subscribers* to have this premium, and we think an average of fifteen minutes' work from each will secure it —value $4. Pretty good pay. Send us your orders.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

OLD subscribers, not in arrears, who do not care to take the trouble to obtain *one new subscriber*, may have the splendid engravings of Grant and Colfax by renewing their subscriptions for *two years*, and sending us *five dollars*. We prefer, however, one *new* subscriber, and $2 50.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

EXPERIENCED canvassing agents, male or female, who are desirous of obtaining employment by the month in any section of the country, and on liberal terms, will please apply by letter or in person at this office. Competent and reliable persons are wanted to distribute the Grant and Colfax engravings on the liberal terms proposed. From $2 to $5 per day can be easily made. Best references required.

AGENTS WANTED.

IN every town and village we want agents to distribute the Grant and Colfax steel engravings. For every *four* new subscribers sent us, with the money ($10), we will present to the agent obtaining them *both* engravings, worth $4, besides giving them to *each* new subscriber thus obtained. Reader, give us your first leisure hour, and secure this beautiful present.

Grant and Colfax!

WANTED!

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

FOR

The Independent.

The most valuable inducement ever presented in America for SINGLE

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

A new and popular gift, which everybody will want.

EVERY LOYAL FAMILY IN AMERICA

will want this Premium.

SPLENDID OFFER.

ENGRAVING BY RITCHIE.

We have ordered and received from RITCHIE, the celebrated Engraver, the steel plates for a NEW, ORIGINAL, FINE STEEL ENGRAVING of

President GRANT AND Vice-President COLFAX,

both the most

Perfect Likenesses

of them ever published.

The engraving of Grant is a

MASTERPIECE OF ART,

which truly and faithfully represents our greatly-honored

PRESIDENT

as a citizen, in citizen's dress, as he appeared at his

INAUGURATION.

The engraving of the Vice-President is also a wonderful likeness, surpassing anything of the kind ever seen of Mr. Colfax.

The size of each of the steel plates is *fourteen by eighteen* inches, and the engraving or picture ready for framing *nineteen by twenty-four* inches

These engravings we will warrant, both of them, to give

PERFECT SATISFACTION

to everybody ordering them, or the money will *positively* be refunded.

They are intended to take the place and entirely supersede the *trashy* pictures now flooding the country. They will be wanted in

EVERY FAMILY,
EVERY PARLOR,
EVERY LIBRARY,
EVERY OFFICE,
EVERY STORE

In the Country.

Both of these splendid premiums offered to all

OLD SUBSCRIBERS

FOR ONE NEW NAME.

We ask every subscriber on our books to send us one new name, with the money ($2 50), when we will forward by mail

BOTH ENGRAVINGS,

postage paid, to any post-office where overland rates are *not* charged; or deliver them at our office.

We believe this the most splendid and valuable present ever made in America for

SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.

These Engravings are intended especially as a present to our *Old Subscribers*. To all such we will present *both* of these Engravings for every new name sent us; or we will present them to any old subscriber, *not in arrears*, on renewing his subscription for *two* years, and sending us $5 00.

These beautiful engravings cannot be had of any other party. The plates are owned by us, and the engravings will be held by us exclusively. Those who do not wish to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, and desire to purchase either of these engravings, can have them at

Two Dollars Each,

or Three Dollars for both—the cash to accompany the order.

We shall register the orders as received, and deliver the engravings in accordance therewith.

A limited number of Artist's Proofs, signed by Ritchie, are reserved. Price $5 each, or $8 for both; or they will both be given away as a premium for four new subscribers, or either one of them for two new subscribers.

Send Your Orders.

Address

HENRY C. BOWEN,

Publisher and Proprietor,

"THE INDEPENDENT,"

Box 2787, New York.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine.

Steadily and rapidly growing in merit and popularity, and a great favorite in tens of thousands of families.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $3 50—and *Putnam's Magazine* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Putnam*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Putnam's Magazine* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Atlantic Monthly.

The standard literary magazine of the country, with a corps of contributors unexcelled by any magazine in the world. "An honor to American literature." We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2.50—and the *Atlantic Monthly* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to the *Atlantic Monthly*) who will send us $5.50; or we will send the *Atlantic Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Monthly.

Always rich, racy, and readable, popular alike with old and young, splendidly illustrated, and worthy of its extensive patronage.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $3 50—and *Harper's Monthly*—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Monthly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Galaxy.

Bold, talented, liberal, attractive writers, fine stories, and every way deserving its high position and great prosperity.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *The Galaxy* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The Galaxy*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *The Galaxy* one year to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Weekly.

A favorite everywhere and with everybody; and all our subscribers, of course, will order it through us at the reduced price.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $3 50—and *Harper's Weekly* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Weekly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Weekly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Bazar,

with its fashion-plates, illustrations, engravings, and minute instructions in regard to all matters pertaining to the toilette, is regarded as indispensable authority in all "good society."

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $3 50—and *Harper's Bazar* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Bazar*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Bazar* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Hearth and Home,

an Illustrated Weekly of sixteen large bandsome pages, for the Farm, Garden, and Fireside, edited by Donald G. Mitchell and Harriet Beecher Stowe, meets with universal favor from all classes of readers in town and country.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $3 50—and *Hearth and Home* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Hearth and Home*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Hearth and Home* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

American Agriculturist.

More than a hundred thousand farmers and others take it, and pronounce it first-rate. It is also a great favorite with city gentry, and alike a necessity and a luxury.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *American Agriculturist* for one year—price $1 50—to any person who will send us $3 75; or we will send the *American Agriculturist* one year as a present to any person who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

National Sunday-school Teacher, of Chicago.

Altogether the best, cheapest, and most popular Sabbath-school monthly in America, and worthy of a place in every family. Friends of the young should labor earnestly for its extensive circulation; and, if possible, introduce it into every Sabbath-school class and Bible-class in the nation.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *National Sunday-school Teacher* (monthly) for one year—price $1 50—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The National Sunday-school Teacher*) who will send us $3; or we will send the *National Sunday-school Teacher* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Carpenter's Book,

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This book has now a world-wide reputation, and those who desire perfect familiarity with the beautiful life and character of Abraham Lincoln should have it without delay. We have already given away nearly twenty thousand copies, and are ready to send broadcast a hundred thousand or five hundred thousand more.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and "Six Months at the White House"—price $1 50—postage paid to any person who will send us $3; or we will send "Six Months at the White House' as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Worcester's Unabridged Pictorial Quarto Dictionary.

We will present this magnificent unabridged pictorial dictionary—price $10—to any person who will send us the names of six new subscribers, with the money ($15), or to any person not in arrears who will renew his subscription for eight years and pay us $20. This splendid volume, of eighteen hundred and fifty pages, is becoming more and more popular wherever the English language is spoken, and by thousands it is pronounced vastly superior to any other dictionary in the world. It is worth a whole library of ordinary trash, called books, and should be owned and placed on the centre-table for daily consultation and study in *every family*. Our favorable contract with the Publishers enables us to offer it for the trifling effort of obtaining six new subscribers. Reader, if you are destitute, go to work.

RITCHIE'S

Celebrated Steel Engraving of Hicks's famous and beautiful Oil Painting, entitled

"Authors of the United States."

HUNDREDS ALREADY GIVEN AWAY, AND EVERYBODY IS DELIGHTED.

This wonderful steel engraving—size 19 by 35 inches—is one of Ritchie's finest productions, and would be a splendid ornament to hang in any parlor or library in the United States. It contains a good-sized likeness of the following disilnguished authors:

IRVING.	BANCROFT.
BRYANT.	PARKE GODWIN.
COOPER.	MOTLEY.
LONGFELLOW.	BEECHER.
MISS SEDGWICK.	CURTIS.
MRS. SIGOURNEY.	EMERSON.
MRS. SOUTHWORTH.	R. H. DANA.
MITCHELL.	MARGARET FULLER (OSSOLI).
WILLIS.	CHANNING.
HOLMES.	MRS. STOWE.
KENNEDY.	MRS. KIRKLAND.
MRS. MOWATT RITCHIE.	WHITTIER.
ALICE CAREY.	LOWELL.
PRENTICE.	HOKER.
G. W. KENDALL.	BAYARD TAYLOR.
MORRIS.	SAXE.
POE.	STODDARD.
TUCKERMAN.	MRS. AMELIA WELBY.
HAWTHORNE.	GALLAGHER.
SIMMS.	COZZENS.
P. PENDLETON COOKE.	HALLECK.
HOFFMAN.	
PERSCOTT.	

The lowest price of this beautiful engraving is $14. We have purchased the steel plate, at a cost of $4,500, and now offer to present a copy of the engraving to any person who will send us the names of four new subscribers with the money, $10, or who will renew their own subscription for four years and pay us $10. The engraving will be delivered at our office, or it will be carefully packed and sent free of charge to any part of the country where there is a post-office—except to places where *overland rates* are charged. We believe this premium honestly to be the most valuable and beautiful present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers. Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, *or the money will be refunded* in every case, and to all persons who order this engraving on the liberal terms proposed.

Grover & Baker SEWING-MACHINE.

GREAT PREMIUM FOR

1869

Sewing Machines Given Away

BY THOUSANDS.

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER

TO

Every Subscriber of The Independent.

TO EVERY READER, AND TO EVERY PERSON

Wanting a Perfect Sewing Machine,

TAKE NOTICE.

GROVER & BAKER'S world-renowned No. 33 Family Sewing Machine, with hemmer and tucker complete, sells for $55, cash. We will present such a machine to any person who will send us the names of TWENTY-TWO new subscribers (see terms on first page), which, at our usual rates, $2 50 each, is $55—*just the cash price of he machine.*

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-two persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together; they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers.* On this liberal offer we shall expect to send one of these indispensable household articles into almost every village in the country.

There are thousands of very worthy but poor women connected with our churches who may be made comparatively independent if they can be furnished with a sewing machine. To obtain it, and easily too, it is only necessary for some friend to make a move. A clergyman writes us that he announced publicly to his congregation that they might be called on to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, in order to supply a needy family with the means of self-support—a sewing machine. The object was speedily accomplished, and the family no longer lived on charity. Those who think "charity begins at home" will, of course, need only a slight "stirring up" to induce them to practice their principles in such a good cause.

The best gifts are those that have a permanent value, that do not deteriorate with the lapse of time, and increase in interest and importance with the lapse of time.

There are very few purchasable *household* articles which retain their value, and all the time yield a splendid interest on the investment; but among them we must put down first a GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine. This modern miracle, this magic seamstress, with exact eye and tireless fingers, not only repays its cost over and over again in a very short time the money spent in its purchase, but is capable of becoming a small fortune to its possessor.

It is the most valuable gift that a husband can make to his wife, a father to his daughter, the benevolent to the poor, or a congregation to their minister's wife.

It is not only a household assistant, worth the labor of three or four pairs of hands; but it is a life annuity, a perpetual security against absolute want. A clever operator on a GROVER & BAKER Machine can always find remunerative employment, all the more because it accomplishes so wide a range of work.

Any first-class Sewing Machine is good for a gift, and possesses a certain value. But we recommend the GROVER & BAKER, *because it is the best;* because it accomplishes the most and the best work with the least trouble; because the stitch is the most durable, as well as the most beautiful; because it is the only machine adapted to all kinds of work, and every variety of material; because it is more simple, more easily understood than others, and requires no delay in rewinding, fastening, and the like.

There are many other reasons which we could give; but these will suffice with the crowning one—that it never fails to give the most entire and perfect satisfaction.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of the paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid).

Address (with full directions how to ship the machines),

HENRY C. BOWEN,

PUBLISHER,

No. 3 Park Place, N. Y.

DIED.

ROBBINS.—In Glendale, Hamilton Co., June 8th, of Chronic Pyemia, Dr. Samuel Robbins, aged 46. In the pride of his manhood, and in the faithful discharge of high duties, this lamented citizen, friend, and physician was suddenly cut down. His loss is widely felt and deeply mourned. Some record of his death should be made by the press, as a memento of his virtues. The deceased was eminently fitted, by his superior advantages in education and travel, added to pleasing manners, and a warm, benevolent heart, overflowing with human kindness, to win as he did the affection and esteem of the rich and the poor of all who knew him. As a physician and surgeon he was in the first rank, and the profession has met with no ordinary loss. The Presbyterian Church has parted with a faithful elder, the community with a public benefactor, and the world with an earnest, devoted Christian, an honest, noble, self-sacrificing man. Calm, peaceful, and trusting, fell did he enter the dark valley, lit by the Saviour's presence. His strong faith gained the victory over death. With clear vision he saw and with emphasis declared that "Heaven was very near." His bereaved family and relatives are greatly comforted in the heavy affliction, for "the memory of the just is blessed."

COMMUNICATED.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Three Cord Silk Finish

AND

Six Cord Soft Finish

Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 24, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our Agents to the NEW SILK CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and find superior to any other in the market.

Good Thread is essential to the successful working of Sewing Machines, and we have always encouraged its improvement. The WILLIMANTIC COMPANY has made especial efforts to satisfy us, and expended A MILLION OF DOLLARS in building and organizing a New Factory. Now, with improved machinery, it has achieved a success exceedingly gratifying to us; and furnishes a new Six Cord Thread which we commend to our Agents and all purchasers and users of Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Geo. S. Moulton & Co.,

Sole Agents in New York,

101 CHAMBERS ST.

A. Raymond & Co.,

CLOTHIERS,

Cor. FULTON AND NASSAU STS.

STOCK LARGE AND EVERY GARMENT WELL MADE.

IVORIDE

KNIFE-HANDLES

EQUAL IN

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RESERVE.

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

Sweet friend, dear gift of Heaven
So newly given!
I thank our Lord that on my life's new leaf
Thy name is written; and, through joy or grief,
Through whatsoever changes yet must be,
I claim thee mine for immortality.

Sweet friend, thy gentle eyes,
So fond and wise,
With loving questioning are wont to look
On the closed pages of my past life's book,
Fain, in their sympathy, to read the whole,
And know the hidden history of my soul.

Trust me, sweet friend, I would,
If but I could,
Open these pages to thine eyes, lay bare
The whole long record years have written there,
Nor veil the story of the ended strife,
The joys and sorrows of my inner life

Sweet friend, it cannot be—
Not even for thee.
'Tis written in an unknown tongue, a hand
Obscure, which only God can understand.
Perplexed, I doubt my version, and I wait
For light divine beyond Death's shadowy gate.

Sweet friend, when we have trod
The streets of God,
And, looking from the hills of cloudless glory,
Shall comprehend this life's bewildering story,
When false lights die and shadows all depart,
Then thou shalt read the history of my heart.

AMHERST IN 1869.

It had been ten years since we attended a commencement at Amherst. After a pleasant trip up the ever-delightful Connecticut Valley—a trip that half of our literary public will be taking next week to attend the Dartmouth Centennial, we found ourselves in that famous seat of learning. We propose to give to our readers the impressions which a few days' careful observation made on us. Of course, we took the occasion of commencement week to be present, but the voracious particulars of it we leave to the prescient *Tribune* reporter, who told its readers on Tuesday morning that Professor Dimon delivered "an uninteresting address" on Monday evening, though his address was not delivered till Tuesday evening; and who drew on his imagination for a sermon Sunday night on slavery by President Fairchild—doubtless because he was from Oberlin—though, when it came to be delivered, it contained not a word about slavery. No wonder the audience enjoyed the allusion in President Fairchild's few words at the alumni meeting, when, referring to a speech of President Grant's, better reported than delivered, he said he had the misforture to belong to that class of presidents which were fated to have speeches put into their mouths which they never made.

The physical features of Amherst do not change. It is as beautiful still as described by Mr. Beecher in his story, or in numerous passages in his sermons. The charm of its scenery lies in its broad prospects and its beautiful sky-lines. There are the Pelham Hills on the east, five miles across the valley. Ten miles distant to the north is the curious solitary cone of Sugarloaf. On the south you see that beautiful Holyoke range; while on the west lies the distant Connecticut Valley, and the sky-line sinks quite to the horizon, as if contrived especially to give sunsets their full effect. Turning to the buildings, we see change. The railroad has drawn the town and the college over the hill to the east. The first church has built a curious and costly edifice on the road to East Amherst. Dr. John Lord once said of their old church, now transformed into a hall for concerts and commencements, that it was "a temptation for Providence to send an earthquake." Their present church is so solid with granite, and so very broad and low (architecturally, not ecclesiastically), that it will resist the earthquake when a long-patient Providence shall send it. The Episcopal church is a fine stone structure, and the new Walker building will be the finest on college grounds. It is built at the foot of the "Grove"; and, with all the other new buildings, East College and the gymnasium, looms up handsomely from the east, though scarce visible to one coming from Northampton. A curious story is current about that Walker building. It is said that Dr. Walker, a wealthy physician, made overtures to Cambridge looking to the gift of a quarter of a million to Harvard for endowing its medical school; but insisted as a condition, in order to weed out incompetent teachers, the instructors should submit to a periodical examination before a competent board. It is reported that this condition was stoutly opposed by Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes, and finally rejected as putting the medical professors in too undignified a position. Dr. Walker then divided his bequest between Amherst and Tufts.

But it is rather the internal than the external of Amherst in which we are interested. Otherwise we would suggest to the citizens that they employ a competent road surveyor to put and keep streets and sidewalks in a more finished condition. We might also speak at length of the Agricultural College, a mile to the north; which President Clark will make, if energy can make it, the best in the United States. It is a sensible, practical institution; and we found the boys, the best judges, all enthusiastic in its praise.

We went to Amherst especially concerned to know what was there doing for the sciences. We knew and were glad to know that the classics were faithfully studied under able teachers. The superiors to Professors Tyler, and Crowell, and Mather are nowhere to be found. In mathematics Professor Snell's force is not abated, though he has been personally acquainted with every graduate during the 48 years' history of the college. But it was its reputation for science that first brought us to Amherst College; and we had suspected that since President Hitchcock's death this department, most important of all in its relations to modern thought and to the present attacks on Christianity, had been quite neglected; in fact, that only its old cabinets remained as they were, and that Harvard and Yale were quite outstripping the college which science once made famous. And to some extent we were right. Professor Shepard's splendid cabinet of minerals and meteorites, by far the best in America, is the only one which shows much sign of vitality. Beyond this we noticed scarce anything except a stuffed gorilla and a few large casts among the acquisitions of ten years. Amherst sadly needs men in geology and natural history who shall grapple the great problems of the origin and introduction of life upon the earth. But the professorship of geology and natural theology was created and endowed for President Hitchcock, and it is almost impossible to find the man who will combine the powers necessary to fill it. The trustees have searched in vain for years, and are almost in despair. Can it be that our Christian young men are all so unwise as to resign the sciences to unbelievers? It must not be so. We suspect that it was partly a fear of getting the college into a family way which prevented the trustees from electing Professor Charles H. Hitchcock, now of Dartmouth, a son of the late president, and brother to the professor of physical education, though recommended to them by the college faculty. We doubt if they could have done better. Apart from this endowed professorship, the trouble has been a lack of funds. President Stearns is no enemy to the sciences; but the college, though it has received much wealth of late, has that wealth tied. What is needed is a general fund, which shall increase the salaries of the present professors and support others. It is no secret, we believe, that Amherst's most generous benefactor is proposing, if his life is spared, to give a large sum to its general fund before the centennial of 1871. Then somebody will be to blame if more is not done for sciences.

The department of physical culture is a peculiar one, and is better managed at Amherst than anywhere else we know. Dr. Hitchcock, who has charge of it, is a good scholar and physician, as well as gymnast; and each class, under its own captain, is *required* to unite every day in some physical exercise as regularly as in any other duty. This plan was arranged ten years ago, immediately after two of the very ablest scholars that Amherst ever taught had died from neglect of the laws of health a very short time before they should have graduated. The report on physical culture just presented to the trustees by Dr. Nathan Allen has attracted a great deal of attention, and proves that within the past ten years the average amount of sickness has greatly decreased, while the practice in unison of light gymnastics in military style gives a manly bearing to the young men.

But a single further point calls for our attention; and that is the remarkable influence which Professor J. H. Seelye evidently exerts over the students. Very few have ever given themselves with more singleness of aim to the task of moulding the character of young men. A man of high principle, wide information, and strong will, he has the instruction in mental and moral philosophy through the entire senior year. We had known of him simply as the author, ten years ago, of some not very remarkable articles in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, in indiscriminate eulogy of his father-in-law, Dr. Hickok's system of psychology; and until we found how heartily he labored for the students—even more in private than in the class-room—we could not understand the secret of his power. Such a man—a prince among teachers—Amherst cannot spare even for the presidency of Michigan University. And yet we are a little in doubt about the influence of his system of philosophy. Without discussing it, for which we have no space, suffice it to say that it is not accepted in any other of our leading colleges; and we believe that its spirit of dogmatism is unfavorable to scholarly humility, while its peculiar relation to natural theology would logically leave the latter no room for existence. Dr. Hickok's system as a basis of instruction seems to us safe only as the student is urged and required to compare it with the other psychological treatises published within the past fifteen years. We would much sooner expect a well-balanced mind from the study of Professor Porter than of Hickok.

Commencement passed off finely. The students generally talked sense, even the large number that talked Hickok. President Stearns, who has done more for the college than he always has credit for, presides with great dignity, which even his Oxford cap could not destroy; although we confess to that simpler taste which made the grand old Puritan, John Milton, ridicule even the dress of the bishops of his day, whom he saw "under sail in all their lawn and sarcenet, their shrouds and tackle, with a geometrical rhomboides on their heads." Friends of the college will be glad to learn that about 65 students were admitted, with or without conditions, for the next freshman class; giving a promise of a class of 100, of whom 15 or 20 will be from Andover Academy.

HAYWARD.

Book Table.

THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN.*

MR. JOHN STUART MILL, by far the greatest living advocate of the political enfranchisement of woman, has summed up in this little volume the whole case for his side of the controversy. So far as mere argument goes, on political and intellectual grounds, we cannot conceive it possible to add anything to the case as it is here presented; and, until this little book has been completely answered, refuted, and put out of court, it is idle for the opponents of woman's enfranchisement to pretend that anything substantial has been done for their cause. Of course, there is nothing absolutely new in Mr. Mill's book. It will never take rank with his Logic, his Political Economy, his Essay on Liberty, his treatise on Sir William Hamilton, or even his essay on Representative Government. Not that, as regards the task it proposes to accomplish, it can be called inferior to anything the author has done; but that it has and can have no claim to originality, except in the more arrangement and grouping of illustrations and arguments. It is, we think, the most complete, exhaustive, and concise summary of a great case we ever remember to have read. In none of Mr. Mill's previous works is his marvelous lucidity of exposition more remarkable. "Mill," said a close observer of him, "lives in light"; and he certainly diffuses that light most liberally over the controversy to which this his latest intellectual effort is devoted. The book requires but little analysis at our hands, for the obvious reason that it is simply a *resumé* of arguments with which we are all familiar; its peculiarity being that it brings them together and arranges them symmetrically within very narrow compass, and that it presents them with a force, a logical precision, a clearness, and a noble eloquence which we may say, without fear of offending any advocate of the cause, no other champion of woman's enfranchisement could pretend to equal. Perhaps the only argument in the book which strikes us as being original—which, at all events, we do not seem to have heard before—is that in which Mr. Mill points out that the one sphere from which existing laws exclude women is just the one sphere in which alone women have ever risen to full equality with men. It is admitted that no woman has ever equaled the greatest man in letters, arts, or the exact sciences. No woman has ever been a rival of Shakespeare, of Michael Angelo, of Cuvier, or Faraday. Mr. Mill holds that this fact is due to the circumstances which have always controlled, limited, and subjected women; and he insists that we are not in a position to say whether woman may not yet vie with man in these departments of human labor. But there is one great sphere, and only one, in which as a matter of fact some women have risen to a hight which no man has ever surpassed. That sphere is the art of government—the art of politics. No male sovereign ever showed higher capacity for governing than Elizabeth of England, or Catherine of Russia, or some of the French princesses who governed without reigning. "When," says Mr. Mill, "to queens and empresses we add regents and viceroys of provinces, the list of women who have been eminent rulers of mankind swells to a great length." To this he appends a note which we quote in full, because it contains the author's testimony on a subject to the study of which the greater part of his life was given, and which certainly no living Englishman knows so thoroughly. "Especially," says Mr. Mill's note, "is this true if we take into consideration Asia as well as Europe. If a Hindoo principality is strongly, vigilantly, and economically governed, if order is preserved without oppression, if cultivation is extending and the people prosperous, in three cases out of four that principality is under a woman's rule. This fact, to me an entirely unexpected one, I have collected from a long official knowledge of Hindoo governments. There are many such instances; for, though by Hindoo institutions a woman cannot reign, she is the legal regent of a kingdom during the minority of the heir, and minorities are frequent, the lives of the male rulers being so often prematurely terminated through the effect of inactivity and sensual excesses. When we consider that these princesses have never been seen in public; have never conversed with any man not of their own family, except from behind a curtain; that they do not read, and, if they did, there is no book in their languages which can give them the smallest instruction on political affairs—the example they afford of the natural capacity of women for government is very striking." It is, therefore, indeed, a "curious consideration that the only things which the existing law excludes women from doing are the things which they have proved that they are able to do. There is no law to prevent a woman from having written all the plays of Shakespeare or composed all the operas of Mozart. But Queen Elizabeth or Queen Victoria, had they not inherited the throne, could not have been intrusted with the smallest of the political duties of which the former showed herself equal to the greatest."

This is, as we have said, the case for woman's political and social enfranchisement fully stated. Mr. Mill was not bound to seek out for arguments against that case which have never been precisely or clearly put forward, and to reply to them by anticipation. Yet we could wish that he had gone a little out of his way to say something about the one objection to woman's political emancipation which is most often present and most powerful in the minds of all opponents and of many advocates of that reform, and yet which is hardly ever formally urged in public argument; which has never, so far as we know, received anything like scientific treatment; and which, indeed, is generally ignored altogether in the open controversy. It is the argument which was just touched upon by Miss Catherine Beecher and Mrs. Stowe, in their recently published work, when they spoke of the introduction of woman to the political arena bringing into dangerous activity "the special temptation of her sex." In plain words, is it necessary for morality that women and men should be prevented from mingling freely and on terms of equality in the political arena? We are far, indeed, from saying that there is any such necessity; but the supposed necessity is, at all events, the only argument against Mr. Mill's side of the controversy which has ever seemed to us worth one hour's serious consideration. It is the argument which is always urged in private, which fills the minds of all candid persons with the gravest doubts, and which yet has never been answered, and has hardly ever been argued in public controversy. Nine out of every ten men and women who oppose Mr. Mill's views, and who have anything like reasonable ground, anything better than stupid conventionality and blind prejudice to support them, would say, if they spoke out openly and honestly, that this dread of the moral consequences of such a free intermingling of the sexes as woman's political emancipation ought to produce and encourage is their strongest objection to the movement. Like everybody else engaged in the public discussion, Mr. Mill has ignored this part of the question. The argument has not been formally and publicly raised against him, and he has not apparently felt called upon to answer and discuss it. We know perfectly well what his own opinion would be. Mr. Mill's belief in the capacity of the human race for self-control and moral purity is one of the strongest of his faiths. To him it seems clear that whatever extends education among women promotes the morality alike of men and women; and this principle he would, of course, apply to the political emancipation he now advocates. Still one cannot deny or doubt the deep and general influence of the argument to which we have alluded; and we cannot help regretting that Mr. Mill did not go a little out of his way, were that necessary, to give it a full and frank consideration.

POLLARD'S LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

THIS is a pretentious, pompous, disappointing book. The author sets out by telling us that he has "a mass of curious and extraordinary information" concerning "the private and interior history of Jefferson Davis's government in Richmond." "He attempts (this is Mr. Pollard speaking of himself) no mean and evanescent commentary on the late war. In betaking himself to a literary task excelling all his former ones, and in which he is fired by various desires, he proudly ventures to produce a work that will not only interest these present times, but that will live permanently and assuredly if even among the humbler monuments of the historical literature of America." We find nothing in the book itself to justify this grandiloquence, which "roars so loud and thunders in the index." We have not succeeded in discovering the "mass of curious and extraordinary information." We have read the book unstartled; our firm nerves did never tremble. It is not very extraordinary information which we receive when we are shewn that Jefferson Davis was guilty of inexcusable favoritism, of personal dislikes, of subterranean intrigues against the best men engaged in his own cause. Of all this he was accused so often and so publicly that it does not amaze us now to hear that the accusations were mainly just. Nor is it very interesting to know that Mr. Davis was much under the control of his wife, and that his wife was a little unscrupulous in the spending of money. We have not had the good fortune to alight on any "revelations" in the book more new and astounding than these.

It is wholly the fault of the author's own pompousness and self-conceit that the book is so disappointing. Apart from its too common inflation of style, it really has many merits as a piece of biography. If it had been offered to the world without such an amazing preliminary flourish of trumpets, it would have been read with great interest and regarded with much respect. It seems to us a very conscientious and careful study of the character of Jefferson Davis; and we do not doubt that Mr. Pollard's general estimate of the Confederate leader is accurate and just. We do not care to find fault with Mr. Pollard for his extravagant glorification of the Southern cause, or his absurd depreciation and denunciation of the Northern civil and military leaders. We must take Mr. Pollard as we find him, with all his passionate partisanships and furious hates. He is only impartial when, standing within the Southern lines, he criticises Southern men and measures. The moment he comes to deal with any question as between North and South he loses his head and is utterly irrational—now scolding like a shrewish woman, and now whimpering like a whipped schoolboy. But as between one Southern man and another, one Southern measure and another, he is, we think, generally discriminating, clear-sighted, and impartial. His picture of Jefferson Davis has high value as a literary piece of work. Mr. Pollard sums up Jefferson Davis as "a man who had no foresight; who was blind to the preparations of the enemy; who had refused fortune when it was thrust upon him at Manassas; who had allowed magnificent armies, that rushed forward in the first months of the war, to dwindle into insignificance; who scorned common-sense; who was vigorous only in his obstinacy; who was jealous of all intellect that had already been marked by the public judgment; who had a broken physical constitution and a querulous disease; an accomplished scholar, who knew much more of the hieroglyphs of Egypt than the art of government; a literary dyspeptic, who had more ink than blood in his veins; and an intriguer, who, busy with private enmities and encircled by the fire they kindled, was stinging himself to death." Except that he does not charge him with cowardice, Mr. Pollard describes Jefferson Davis very much as Mr. Kinglake pictures Louis Napoleon—the biographer in each case insisting that the subject of the biography was essentially a literary man out of his place—a literary man playing, under the inspiration of mere vanity and ambition, the part of a ruler of states and a commander of armies. Mr. Pollard would, in fact, literally reverse Mr. Gladstone's famous and unlucky declaration, and assert that Jefferson Davis "unmade an army, unmade a navy, and, more than that, unmade a nation."

The great object of the book is to prove that Davis's administration was, from first to last, a series of political, financial, and military blunders; that the president of the Confederation was all throughout its greatest danger and its worst enemy. But those who take a broader view than Mr. Pollard, will find, even in his own pages, ample evidence of the rottenness of the whole scheme and of the military and feudal despotism which upheld it—ample evidence that the heart of the people of the South was not with it. Mr. Pollard himself shows how far short, for all their boasting, the Southern States fell of the sacrifices made by the Paraguayans, for example, to sustain their cause. The inference is surely obvious. The whole heart and conscience of Paraguay is in its cause; the Southern Confederation was the work of the slavemaster's arrogance and the politician's ambition. No part of the book is more useful and instructive than the lesson it so practically and so unconsciously conveys of the meanness and wickedness of the basis on which that huge superstructure was raised, and which collapsed so ignominiously and disastrously beneath it.

Mr. Pollard's portraiture of Stonewall Jackson—with his fierce, absorbing ambition; his cold, implacable, pitiless nature; his rigid, narrow religious fanaticism; his extraordinary will—is very effective, and we doubt not very correct. So, too, is his analysis of the character of General Lee, whom he describes as splendid in defense, but somewhat weak in attack; wholly without enthusiasm for the war, accepting it and his part in it as necessary evils; and without "that passion, that faculty of inspiration, which is at once the most brilliant and valuable quality of the military commander." Indeed, the book has a great deal about it which entitles It to public attention. If our expectations had not been extravagantly roused by announcements and promises of which we find no fulfillment, we might have been able to speak of it without any word of serious disappointment. As it is, if the book falls far below the standard which its author claims for it, the reader will probably on calm consideration set it down as much better than it seemed to be when the full force of the contrast between pretension and performance was fresh upon his mind.

THEOLOGY—COMIC AND SERIOUS.

THREE books lie on our table, representatives of three theological seminaries. One would never guess from the title that *Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets* (M. W. Dodd) was composed of "Lectures on the Vocation of the Preacher." He would as little guess from the contents that they were actually delivered as lectures by a professor of theology in a theological seminary. Yet such is the fact. The idea of the title is taken from the story of Gideon. It certainly inaugurates a new style of christening in theological literature, and is capable of indefinite extension. It might be followed, for example, by a treatise on the miracles, founded on Moses's first miracle, and entitled "Sticks and Snakes." We might next have an essay on Hebrew poetry, which, since David is the great poet, could be called "The Shepherd's Sling, and how he Slung it." An ethical sermon on pride and humility, founded on the history of Nebuchadnezzar, could be entitled "Royalty Gone to Grass," And, finally, a treatise on this sort of theological instruction, based on the first lessons given to an erring prophet, would receive the appropriate title "Balaam's Ass." All of which would be quite as appropriate as the absurdly *ad captandum* title of Professor E. P. Hood's lectures. (*Quere.*—Is he a descendant of Thomas, or is it a *nom de plume?*) It is true our author, who is a professor in Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College, has furnished a very entertaining book. It consists mainly of stories, anecdotes, biographical sketches, illustrations of queer and quaint pulpit conceits, delicate and coarse, humorous and serious, pathetic and vulgar. They have been gathered with the industry of an intellectual chiffonier. They are assorted upon those principles of order which characterize the arrangement of a dust-heap. As a ministerial jest-book it is capital. As a curious collection of quaint old sayings and incidents it is a literary curiosity. But it is not enough that a book sparkles. In order to illustrate any subject, its light must be concentrated and applied. Such a book as this seems to us like a grove on a summer's evening, full of fire-flies. Their brilliant but evanescent light is very pretty to look at, flashing in and out among the trees. But the steady light of a single lantern is far more efficacious in showing the benighted traveler his path. One expects popular lectures to be light, sparkling, attractive. One does not generally miss the lack of philosophical penetration. For it is the office of the popular lecturer, generally, first to awaken the interest of his hearers, and afterward to instruct them. Even pyrotechnics are not objectionable, if we are previously advised that we are invited only to a show. But we expect students—especially theological students—to be earnest thinkers. They are not children, to be entertained with funny stories, or to be made to weep with pathetic ones. Their interest is already awakened; and what they want is the exhibition and application of those fundamental principles the comprehension and employment of which underlie their calling. If *Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets* were a fair sample of the sort of theological education the students of Pastors' College receive, we should commiserate alike their condition and that of their prospective people. Fortunately, it is not. The street is Mr. Spurgeon's great lecture-room. His students are set to preaching at the outset. They learn to fly by flying. And in this, as in every other art, it is practice that makes perfect. Inexperienced lawyers are not entrusted with great cases—except in novels. Young physicians are not entrusted at the outset with the most serious and difficult diseases. They learn the principles of their respective arts of the lecturer. They practice those principles for a while in the offices of experienced practitioners. But the theological student is sent straight from the seminary to the pulpit; and, in violation of every true principle of instruction, he is generally discouraged, and sometimes forbidden from preaching at all till he is prepared to provide his two sermons a week, and minister to the parochial wants often of a large and unreasonable parish besides. The consequence is that the first five years of ministerial labor are the minister's real theological seminary, and his unfortunate congregation are his educators.

A very different kind of volume is *The Office and Work of the Christian Ministry*, by James M. Hoppin, Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in Yale College, (Sheldon & Co.). Prof. Hoppin impresses us as a thoroughly American man, one who is interested in studying the American pulpit and its needs; a thoroughly modern man, who recognizes the difference between the demands of the present age, which carries the minister into living relations with his fellow-men, and does not suffer him to spend with Samuel Hopkins fourteen hours a day in his study; and a thoroughly unconventional man, who is far more interested in attaining the true results of ministerial labor than he is in preserving any particular order or method because it is time-honored. Almost his first sentence indicates his breadth and catholicity of character. "Preaching . . may be applied to all kinds of 'proclaiming' or 'publishing' of Christian truth, in conversation, in the interviews of missionaries with the heathen, in the common intercourse of men, in the daily life and example; in fact, it is making known, in any and every way, the Gospel to men." Dr. Hoppin's work is divided into two parts; the first devoted to "Preaching specially considered," the second to the "Pastoral office in itself considered." It is eminently practical, and deals in detail with many of those questions which perplex the young minister, and which, after all, only experience can fully settle. On the whole, it is less profound than Vinet, who for philosophic treatment of the general principles which underlie the ministerial office and ministerial labor has never been surpassed. It is less fascinating in style than Prof. Shedd, whose theological works are generally free from that dryness which it is popularly supposed belongs of necessity to theological literature. But it is more practical in its suggestions and better adapted, perhaps, to the immediate wants of American ministers as a text-book than either.

Studies in Philosophy and Theology, by Joseph Haven, D.D., Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary, (Warner & Draper), consists of a series of papers on various theological and metaphysical subjects. None of these papers are absolutely new. Several were originally delivered as addresses on different occasions; the rest have been previously published in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* or the *New Englander*. The topics of which Dr. Haven treats are not attractive to the ordinary reader; and the treatment is not and does not aim to be popular. In fact, the author expressly disclaims popularity. Looking out from his library, where he has been all absorbed in the study of immutable principles, perplexed and troubled by seeing all the world about him absorbed with the problem of business and pleasure, there is a certain pathos in his frank admission: "Neither metaphysics nor theology commend themselves to the popular taste at the present day." He addresses himself only to the thoughtful, and with a thoughtfulness, an earnest seriousness which will commend him to all thinkers. He discusses chiefly old topics. His conclusions are substantially those which have been reached before by a great body of devout Christians. But, though his conclusions are not new, his processes are independent. And he writes with a vigor such as only belongs to one who has wrought out for himself the conclusions which unthinking men accept with an unquestioning allegiance from others.

—Our Acre and its Harvest is the fanciful but not inappropriate title of a large and handsome volume, containing a full account of all that was done by the Soldiers' Aid Society of Northern Ohio during the civil war. The history is written by Mary Clark Brayton and Ellen F. Terry, the former secretary the latter treasurer of the Cleveland Ladies' Aid Society. The volume is published by Fairbanks, Benedict & Co., of Cleveland. It is an interesting book, with considerable historical value. These state and local organizations of energetic and benevolent citizens formed quite a peculiar feature in our late struggle, and deserve to be honorably commemorated.

—Trow's New York City Directory for the current year has just been issued—a huge volume, much more complete and comprehensive in its arrangement than the London Directory; the latter only giving the names of persons occupying houses or separate suites of business offices, while our New York Directory aims at giving the name of every head of a family. We have tested it in the only way open to us—that is, by making several random references; and we have found it correct in every instance. The work is compiled by Mr. H. Wilson.

—Married Against Reason (Loring, Boston,) is the first effort at fiction by Adelheid, wife of Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Mackenzie is a German, and this is a story of middle-class life in Germany. It is a very pretty and graceful little novel, with a simplicity, truthfulness, and tenderness about it which can hardly fail to win the reader's sympathy. It does not pretend to great things; but what it aims at it fairly accomplishes, and the authoress may be honestly encouraged to persevere in the path of fiction.

—We have received *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*; the *American Law Review*; *Woods's Household Magazine*; *Peters's Musical Monthly*; some numbers of De Witt's "Sixpenny Series" of choice music for voice and piano; a little volume called *A Variety of Sketches*, (Lippincott), by Z. A., and made up of a few short original essays and poems, and several selections from writers more or less known to fame; *The Siege of Babylon*, a tragedy by the author of *Afranius*.

—Among reprints of English and American novels we have Thackeray's *Esmond*, and *Lovel the Widower*, in one volume, (Fields & Osgood); *The Adventures of Philip*, (Fields & Osgood); *The Adventures of Philip*, (Harper & Brothers); Jane G. Austen's brilliant romance, *Cipher*, which attracted so much attention when it appeared in the *Galaxy* as a serial.

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DISCUSSION ON STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

At a meeting of the New York Fruit-growers' Club, Mr. Fuller said that for profit he would plant strawberries in rows, eighteen inches apart, and the plants six inches apart in the row. He has a plantation of that kind, on which there is more than five times the amount of fruit on all his other beds where the plants are allowed to run together. Indeed, the proportion of productiveness he believed to be as twelve to one. He believes digging among plants in spring to be profitable; he hoes among his plants up to the time of blossoming.

Mr. Carpenter said that most of the beds from which he is picking fruit this year were planted last September and October, and he will have a good crop of fruit from them. But the ground was well prepared. If people have no beds for next year's fruiting, they can obtain and set plants next September, and get a good supply of fruit the next season. He allows his beds to fruit two seasons, when they are plowed up and new ones planted, with young plants only. He has spaded and hoed right through his beds, destroying roots of necessity; but the practice increases his berries from one-fourth to one-third. Does not stir the ground after the plants blossom.

Mr. Smith said that he has grown strawberries for twenty-five years, and tried all methods of cultivation. The hill system produces the most berries, if a man does not cultivate birds, as he does. But it does not answer for him and his birds, for the fruit is so exposed that the birds take it. Hence, he allows his plants to run together. After the fruit is picked, he inverts a space eighteen inches wide with the spade, leaving a corresponding space untouched. The spaded space is well manured, and the vines are allowed to cover it for the next season's crop. In this way he renews his beds and gets all the fruit he wants.

Mr. Carpenter said that a fruiter told him that, although strawberries were so abundant and cheap in market, he would gladly pay forty cents a quart for such fruit as he desired—that he did pay that price, and had difficulty in getting enough of it. He wanted well-grown and assorted Jucundas, Triomphe de Gands, or Agriculturists. While the Wilson is selling at ten cents per quart, the finer varieties bring from twenty-five to forty cents readily.

Mr. Fuller said he had heard that story before and preached that doctrine, but had got beat at it; and when he looked on his own ground he was self-convicted. The Wilson strawberry, the Concord grape, and the Philadelphia rasberry, no matter what may be asserted of their inferiority of flavor, cannot be pooh'd out of the public favor so long as men know they are

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SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANIES.

SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANIES have become an urgent, practical necessity to the mercantile community, and indeed to all capitalists holding securities that, like money, may be passed from hand to hand without any indorsement. The numerous bank robberies which have been perpetrated within a few years past, and which are increasing at a fearful rate, show conclusively that ordinary bank-*vaults* or *safes* furnish a very inadequate protection against the modern appliances and arts of skilled burglary. The great multiplication of coupon bonds in the form of national, state, county, city, and railway securities, and the very general practice of depositing them for safe keeping in bank-vaults, have naturally attracted the attention of professional robbers to these securities and these places, as affording an inviting field for plunder. Their success in breaking into banks, the large prizes thus won, and their immunity afterward constitute very strong temptations to continue these depredations. This species of burglary is reduced to a system which sets at defiance all the hitherto usual means of protection adopted by banks. One may as well keep his exchangeable securities at home as to put them in a bank-vault. Placing them in the latter is simply putting them where the thief will be most likely to look for them; and where, as facts prove, he is most likely to achieve success.

The recent robbery of the Ocean Bank in this city ought to teach the banks a lesson on this subject. Their perils from this source are really a very serious matter; and it becomes them gravely to inquire by what methods, whether acting singly or by co-operation, they can guard themselves against these perils. The business of bank-robbery is not yet ended, and it will not be so long as its present facilities and success shall warrant its continuance. We should not be at all surprised to read the announcement in any morning paper of another bank-robbery to the amount of, a $100,000 and perhaps a $1,000,000. Professional burglars are constantly watching for their opportunities; and when they get ready they proceed to their work. The first thing the community knows is that *the thing is done.* It has been done so often, and so successfully, and the motive for repeating it is so strong, that these light-fingered gentlemen are not likely to suspend their operations.

We advise all holders of securities, especially such as are negotiable without indorsement, to do a better thing than to put them into an ordinary bank-vault for safe keeping. Let them examine the safe-deposit vault of the Park Bank, or that of the Safe Deposit Company in this city, or that of the New York Stock Exchange, or the one recently constructed in Brooklyn; and we are greatly mistaken if they do not speedily come to the conclusion that any one of these places is much superior to a bank-vault in the element of safety. The cost of renting a box or small safe is but trifling, and, in comparison with the security thus afforded, really not worth a moment's consideration. Every city ought to be furnished with one of these burglar-proof and fire-proof safe deposits; and every sensible man who has securities or other valuables liable to plunder ought to patronize them. So much of the reserve wealth of this country exists in the form of coupon bonds, and the temptations to robbery are so great, that there is really no safety except in this course. There has as yet been no robbery of a safe deposit company. There has been no experiment of the kind. The precautions are such as to make the trial wholly improbable and almost certainly unsuccessful.

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF NEW YORK.

THE import entries of foreign merchandise at the port of New York, exclusive of foreign specie, from July 1st, 1868 to July 3d, 1869, amount to $285,447,842 in gold. This, reduced to currency value at an average premium of 35 per cent. on gold, gives an aggregate of $385,354,586 in currency. In the previous fiscal year the imports amounted to $237,712,435 in gold; which, being reduced to currency at an average premium of 40 per cent. on gold, gives a total of $332,797,409. The excess of the last fiscal year over the one immediately preceding is $47,735,407 in gold, and $52,557,177 in currency. The exports, estimated at their currency value, and not including specie, amount to $168,383,694, or $6,174,725 less than those of the previous year. We hence see that the balance of trade against New York for the last year, if reckoned in currency, is $216,970,892. These figures present an ugly look in respect to the foreign trade of this city. The commercial balance is overwhelmingly on the wrong side. New York has bought too much in the foreign market in proportion to what it has sold.

The exportation of specie for the same period amounts to $37,279,653, as against $76,309,886 for the previous year, which is a decrease of $39,030,233. The importation of specie for the last half of the last fiscal year is $8,904,140; and, if we assume this as about representing the other half, the total importation would be $17,808,280. This leaves a financial balance of $19,471,373 against New York in the export and import movement of specie. The gold and silver treasure arriving from California during the same time amounts to $19,419,278, as against $36,726,790 for the previous year. Deducting this treasure from the financial balance above stated, we have an actual foreign drainage of specie from the port of New York, in excess of all arrivals, to the amount of $52,095. This is a comparatively trifling reduction. It would, however, have been much greater if the exportation of specie had been what it was the year before.

The gold receipts on import duties collected at the New York office for the fiscal year amount to $124,688,174; of which $88,325,756 were paid out in gold interest, leaving a balance of $36,362,418 in favor of the Treasury.

The general condition of the Government finances for the last year presents a very gratifying exhibit; but the *commercial* movement, as indicated by the course of trade at the port of New York, offers no such pleasing prospect. The import trade is vastly too large for the export trade. The American people are not, like British capitalists, lenders of money to foreign countries; they have no surplus wea'th loaned abroad, and drawing interest therefrom; and hence they have no *financial* balance in their favor with which to offset the balance of trade against them. Consequently, they must settle this balance either by the exportation of specie or by sending American securities abroad. The latter has been largely the method adopted; and, as between the two, it is undoubtedly the best method—at least for the present. It is well, however, to keep in mind that this does not *pay* the debt, but simply changes its form. The securities that go abroad as a sort of *financial* currency are themselves a debt, bearing interest that must hereafter be paid, either by the exportation of specie or by commercial bills which represent a balance of trade in our favor. There is no other way of paying a foreign debt.

The simple fact is, our importing merchants have entirely overshot the mark of commercial wisdom. They have gone far beyond the trade and the wants of the country. *Reduced importation until our exports are greatly increased*—such is the obvious lesson of the past year.

STRINGENCY OF THE MONEY MARKET.

A STRINGENT or tight money market means an urgent demand for money on the part of borrowers, with an insufficient supply as afforded by lenders. The severity of this stringency is in proportion to the demand by the first class and the deficiency of the supply by the second. In its highest form it amounts to a *panic*, and sweeps with desolating power over the trading community. In lower grades it involves great inconveniences and serious losses.

How is this monetary phenomenon to be explained, and especially why should the money market, in New York and other centers of trade, be so often marked by these disastrous transitions from ease to distressing tightness? There is no actual destruction of money, and hence no reduction of its usual quantity; and, if so, why should it not be equally available at all times? No single cause, acting by itself, furnishes an answer to this question applicable to all cases. Each case, being carefully examined in all its attendant facts, must hence supply its own solution.

A *general* cause always predisposing to this result is a *real* deficiency in the amount of money needed for business purposes. In such a case the transactions of business have actually outgrown the quantity of the circulating medium; and hence the former must be lessened, or the latter must be increased, or some degree of monetary stringency must be the result. The proper remedy is to increase the quantity of money; and this supposes a certain *elasticity* in the supply, which admits of expansion according to the wants of the public. Our present currency has no such elasticity; it is limited by law to a fixed amount; and this we regard as a defect in the national banking system that ought to be corrected. The people ought to have the privilege of organizing as many banks as their own wants prove to be needful. With this privilege open to all, there will be no general deficiency of bank circulation.

A *special* cause, having its periods of action, is an increased *rate* of business at particular seasons of the year, and hence at such times demanding a larger amount of money. The Spring and Fall business of New York illustrates this statement. At these periods the tasks imposed upon money are greater than during the dull periods; and hence money must do more work, and the facilities of accommodation must be proportionately increased. Any failure to yield to this demand will of necessity involve some degree of scarcity. Business must pause in its onward movement, or the monetary supply must keep pace with it.

The course of trade, especially in New York, leads to periodical *emigrations* of the currency into the interior, in payment for domestic produce and in settling bank balances with the country. The direct effect of this outflow is to produce a scarcity of money in the city, until the tide of trade changes and brings it back again. This tidal movement, while it can be anticipated by those who watch the course of trade, shows that our monetary system in connection with bank currency is not sufficiently *elastic and flexible* to conduct the exchanges of the whole country without occasional periods of local scarcity and embarrassment.

The suspension or large *reduction* of bank accommodations is unquestionably the great *proximate* cause that tightens up the money market. Banks are the chief lenders; upon them business men are mainly dependent for their loans; and when, for the want of confidence or for other reasons, they contract their loans and discounts to any considerable extent below the ordinary rate, business immediately feels the pressure. It is not, as a general fact, their interest to embarrass the community; yet they sometimes do so to a fearful extent. Timidity, undue previous expansion, want of wise concert with each other, the theory of strengthening themselves for a special occasion, the temptations of high rates of interest, or co-operation with speculators to depress prices—any one of these causes, or all of them, at different times, may through bank agency virtually *corner* the money market. It is in the power of the banks to produce a commercial crisis at almost any time, as it is in the power of depositors to break the banks at almost any time. This, of course, is not in the long run for the interest of either; yet sometimes their interests work in seeming conflict with each other.

So long as banks are the great lenders of the people, bank policy followed by bank agency must of necessity be the great power which rules the money market. It cannot in the nature of things be otherwise. We are of the opinion, as a question of morals, and equally one of general prudence, that banks ought so to conduct their business as to exempt the community, as far as possible, from these dangerous inflations on the one hand, and these terrible spasms of tightness on the other. This is a duty which they owe to the public, but do not always discharge.

THE NATION'S FOREIGN CREDITORS.

IT is estimated that about $900,000,000 of the national debt are in the hands of foreign capitalists. This is more than *one-third* of the whole debt, and requires the annual exportation of about $55,000,000 of gold, or its equivalent, to pay the interest. Is this fact, in view of the actual circumstances of the country, to be regarded as an evil? We think not.

It should be remembered that for the last few years we have imported and consumed more than we have produced and sold; and this difference we were compelled to settle by sending either gold or securities to Europe. The gold was needed at home, and the securities were not needed. The foreign demand made a market for them; and they went abroad in exchange for commodities, some of which were required for immediate consumption and use, while others have entered as permanent elements into the productive capital and wealth of the country. Of course, it would be better not to owe such a debt to anybody, and better if our exportations had been equal to our importations, and better if the latter had been less in amount; yet, in the actual circumstances of the case, we see not what better thing could have happened than the very thing which has come to pass under the laws of trade. Ere long, we believe, the increased productions of the country will enable us to meet our importations by corresponding exportations. We certainly are not, for any length of time, to be *buyers* beyond the rate at which we are *sellers*. Our present condition is exceptional, not permanent. The outflow of our securities to a foreign market during this exceptional period has not only served to lessen their number and keep up their price at home, but has also supplied us with needed commodities in exchange for them. It has brought just so much capital to this country from Europe, without an immediate demand for an equivalent return, virtually postponing the day of payment till we are in better circumstances to make the payment. It is quite true that the *pay-day* must come at last; and this would be just as true if the bonds were all held in this country.

We hope, moreover, that the Government will, at no distant day, be in a position to commence the funding of the five-twenties in a long bond at a lower rate of interest. Whenever this effort is made there will be a positive advantage in having a part of our obligations in Europe, where the rates of interest are lower than they are in this country. The foreign capitalist will find it to his profit to take such a bond, as compared with any other in the market; and this will give it credit and currency at home. The saving of interest, both at home and abroad, will, in the event of funding the five-twenties, very soon counterbalance all the disadvantages arising from the foreign location of a portion of the debt. We see no reason for any fear lest these bonds may be suddenly returned to this country in large amounts. There is no prospect of any such movement, and, in view of their rate of interest, no motive for it. The depression of their market value here, which would be occasioned thereby, would speedily put a stop to this course of things. The credit of the Government and the interests of the foreign bondholder are a good guaranty against any such peril.

The purchase of our securities, we are quite aware, proves to be a good operation for the European capitalist; yet his profit is no damage to us. He bought his bonds at the market price in this country; and, if the investment be profitable to him, we have no reason for complaint. His profit is not necessarily an evil to us. He wanted the bonds, and we have hitherto wanted commodities in excess of our own production for exportation. The laws of trade have given him the bonds, and given us the commodities.

If, therefore, we must owe the debt (which for the present is the fact), its distribution by having a part of it in Europe is no disadvantage, provided always that we receive a fair equivalent in exchange for it. Our bonds, like anything else that has a market value, will go where the market is and the buyers are; and, if there be for them a foreign demand, then this will strengthen their market value at home, contribute to the reduction of the premium on gold, and thus aid in the return to specie payment. If they are used to settle the balance of trade against us, then the fault is not in the transfer of the bonds to Europe, but in buying too much abroad in proportion to our home production.

THE RAILROADS OF THE UNITED STATES.

HARDLY anything is more wonderful than the development of the railway system in this country within the last forty years, especially since the discovery of gold in California, in 1848. In 1828 the construction of the Baltimore and Ohio road was commenced; and in 1830 fourteen miles of this road were opened. It was extended to Frederick in 1831, a distance of sixty-one miles, and to Point of Rocks in 1832, a distance of sixty-seven miles. This was the first road built in the United States. On the 1st day of January, 1869, there were 42,255 miles of railway in operation in this country. The cost of these roads, at the average rate of $44,000 per mile, is equal to $1,800,000,000. Their tonnage for 1868 was 75,000,000 of tons. The value of this tonnage was $10,472,250,000. This valuation is six times the cost of the roads, and about four times as much as the total amount of the national debt. This stupendous result is the work of less than forty years. The mileage distribution of these roads, in proportion to area and population, in the great groups or divisions of states, is as follows:

1. *New England* States: area 65,038 square miles; population 3,400,000; miles of railroad 4,019; one mile of road to every 16.18 square miles, and to every 845.9 inhabitants. 2. *Middle* States: area 137,624 square miles; population 10,125,000; miles of railroad 9,765; one mile of road to every 14.09 square miles, and to every 1,036.8 inhabitants. 3. *Western* States: area 624,802 square miles; population 12,350,000; miles of railroad 16,889; one mile of road to every 36.09 square miles, and to every 731.2 inhabitants. 4. *Southern* States: area 750,380 square miles; population 10,360,000; miles of railroad 10,693; one mile of road to every 70.24 square miles, and to every 969.7 inhabitants. 5. *Pacific* States: area 396,345 square miles; population 780,000; miles of road 889; one mile of road to every 446.84 square miles, and to every 879.4 inhabitants. 6. *Total* in the states and territories in which railroads were in operation on the 1st of January, 1869: area 1,974,189 square miles; population 37,015,000; miles of railroad 42,255; one mile of road to every 46.73 square miles, and to every 876.1 inhabitants.

The Western group of states has the greatest railroad mileage in proportion to the number of inhabitants; and the Middle States, though having the smallest in proportion to the inhabitants, have the largest in proportion to territory; and the New England States the next largest in the same proportion. These two ratios do not follow each other with uniformity in the several states, owing to a difference in the density of population as compared with the extent of territory.

The ratio of Massachusetts in respect to area, if applied to the whole of New England, would give 11,890 miles of railroad; in the Middle States it would give 25,157 miles; in the Western States it would give 114,221 miles; in the Southern States it would give 137,181 miles; in the Pacific States it would give 72,458 miles; and, if extended to *all* the states, it would give 600,000 miles of railway. It will, of course, be a long period before such a ratio will be reached throughout the whole country; yet every year is making an approximation toward this vast expansion of the railway system. The expansion will keep pace with the advance of population. Railroads already are, and increasingly will be, the great highways of the nation; and wherever a population exists equal to fifty persons to the square mile there the railroad is very sure to be built. Within the past year 2,979 miles of road have been opened, and 8,347 miles since 1864. The system is one of constant growth, creating new facilities and new demands for its own progress as it advances.

The importance of the system to the commerce and trade of the country it is hardly possible to exaggerate. It connects all parts of the country together, and opens a market almost everywhere for the varied productions of industry. The railroad is equivalent to a navigable river, and in many respects superior to it in its relation to trade. But for our system of railroads the present business and wealth of the nation could have no existence. Their annual tonnage shows what they have done to develop the resources of this goodly land. We scarcely know a more interesting subject for the statistician than that found in the study of railway history.

WALL STREET USURY.

THE Grand Jury, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer for the City of New York, last week presented seven indictments against as many persons for *usurious* practices. The parties gave bonds for their appearance; and in due season we shall see what we shall see in respect to the result thereof. Such indictments strike one as being a novelty in the history of New York courts. Usury among money-lenders and brokers is no novelty—indeed, hardly anything is more common; yet the law against it has, for the most part, been treated as an obsolete statute. Sincerely do we hope that the district attorney will vigorously prosecute these cases; and, if the evidence be sufficient to establish the offense, we then hope that the penal execution of law will follow. We believe in good laws, and then in faithfully putting them into force.

The tricks and devices resorted to by money-lenders to extort high rates of interest from needy customers deserve a rebuke. They are not only offenses against the laws of the state, but practical robberies, perpetrated through the medium of the money market. A few wealthy capitalists, by combination and concert, can at almost any time make money most distressingly scarce to the general public. By getting the control of a large amount of loanable funds, and for the time being putting them out of the market, except at their pleasure, they place themselves in a position to demand exorbitant rates of interest. They *corner* the market, and tighten it up, simply to answer their own speculative ends. Borrowers, unable to help themselves, and pressed by their immediate necessities, are compelled to submit to the outrage as the least of two evils—paying ½, ¾, or perhaps 1 per cent. a day for the use of money. These gentlemen turn the screw, and thus make the occasion, and then profit by it. We do not charge this practice upon *all* money-lenders; yet that it is a very common method of manipulating money in Wall Street admits of no question. When, moreover, for other reasons, money is scarce, lenders uniformly seize upon the occasion to carry up their rates of interest to the highest possible point—ignoring the law against usury, and greatly adding to the embarrassment of the public. Having banking facilities, they borrow money, and reloan it at a large profit.

As to the wisdom of usury laws we now express no opinion. This is a question by itself, in regard to which much might be said on both sides. We have such laws; and this is enough for our present purpose. We, moreover, have, in broad daylight, practices, hitherto unrebuked and almost wholly unquestioned, that are palpable violations of these laws. The money market of New York is the constant scene of these violations. The fact is well known; and hundreds of people—not simply speculators, but those who are engaged in the usual operations of trade—suffer most severely from it. Let us, then, try the question whether the law against usury has any power or not. It is time either to repeal the law or execute it.

MONEY MARKET.

A MORE satisfactory condition of affairs has existed in financial circles during the past week than has been experienced for some months, and everything seems to promise an easy money market for some time to come. Secretary Boutwell's policy in relation to the purchase of 5-20s is having a very excellent influence, not only in raising the current values of our national securities, but in reducing the rates of gold and in dispelling the apprehensions of a tight money market by an accumulation of currency in the national vaults. The action of our district attorney, too, in relation to the money-lenders, who have been in the habit of charging ½ to ¾ per cent. a day for the use of money whenever the necessities of borrowers compelled them to submit to such an outrageous rate of usury, has not been without its good effect. We know of one instance in which a lender sent back all the extra interest he had exacted from his customers. But it was too late. The evidence had been furnished against him.

The ruling rate of call loans on collateral securities has been 6 to 7 per cent., with some exceptional transactions at 5 per cent. on Governments.

The Bank Statement is a very favorable one for borrowers.

The banks gain in legal-tenders $3,156,978, and in specie $788,538. The deposits have increased $5,234,462, and the loans $1,583,347. The circulation shows a decrease of $99,508. The banks gain on their net reserve $3,161,778, and now have $27,762,622 in excess of the amount required by law.

Specie has gradually declined, and the "bulls" have very little confidence in their speculation; prices touched 135¾ on Saturday and the same on Monday.

The exports of specie during the week ending July 17th were as follows:

Total for the week	$1,705,545
Previously reported	35,456,205
Total since Jan. 1st, 1869	$37,212,750

Great activity has prevailed in Government bonds; and, if the Secretary of the Treasury should be induced by the large rise in 5-20s to order the purchase of any other class of our securities, which is not altogether improbable, there will be a very lively time in the whole list. Last year at this time the difference between 10-40s and new 5-20s was one per cent., and currency 6 per cents. were but 6½ per cent. below the gold bonds. At the present time 5-20s are 10 per cent. higher than 10-40s, and 10 per cent. higher than currency 6 per cents.

The speculation in the Vanderbilt stocks has given life and animation to Broad Street, which otherwise would now be suffering from a summer dullness. These stocks, the New York Central and Hudson River, have been carried up to points for which we have prepared our readers; but which only a very few fortunate operators have had the sagacity to turn to a good account. New York Central sold on Saturday as high as 215 and Hudson River at 185. But before the 1st of September they will both be selling at the same price as a consolidated.

The other railroads attract but little attention and the general market is without spirit. The Western roads are strangely neglected; for some of them, the Northwest in particular, offer very tempting margins at their present prices. But there is very little speculative feeling in the market, and most of the potent operators and wirepullers are off on their summer holidays.

DRY GOODS.

THE business of the week has been on a very restricted scale, and some of the larger dealers are complaining of the summer dullness, as though it were not a thing to be calculated on as a certainty in the middle of July. But that the dullness exists is not a point in dispute; the question of greatest interest is, How long is it likely to continue? As the reports from the great agricultural districts are all highly favorable, with the exception of the damage done by the heavy falls of rain last week, and as no troubles of a political character are anticipated in the unreconstructed states, there is no good reason to fear any delay in the reopening of the early Fall trade at the usual time.

The market is pretty nearly at a standstill, and no quotable changes have occurred in either domestic or foreign goods.

Importations have somewhat increased, but very little movement can be noted on the part of importers toward placing their goods on the market. A very large portion of the dress-goods and merinos now arriving are placed in bonded warehouse.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

BREADSTUFFS.—Business in Western and State Flour during the past week has been to a fair extent. But in prices we have had considerable variableness; the low grades have fluctuated, but have attracted the attention of shippers more generally than early in the week, and we notice an advance. The major part of the State Flour arriving was previously sold for export; and hence we have no assortment of the low grades that is desirable. Trade and Family brands have been in very general demand; but the assortment is good, and prices are without important change. We allude particularly to Winter Wheat brands, of which our stock chiefly consists. Good Family Extras are not plenty, and prices are without much change. But the consumption of them is far from being satisfactory, and nothing like former years; while Spring Wheat Extra sells freely and at comparatively high prices, and it is surprising to us how completely they have superseded Winter Wheat brands, and holders of the low grades of Amber Wheat brands and Extras find it almost impossible to dispose of them unless at ruinous prices. Hence it was apparent that common White Wheat Extras must be disposed of hereafter at about the price of Fancy State. There has been more inquiry for the future; but the extreme prices insisted on prevent the filling of many orders. At the close the market is fairly active and irregular. State brands are low-er; but Western unchanged, though heavy. In Wheat we have had a fair degree of activity; but our market has been characterized by much variableness. Heavy rains early in the week at the West, a further considerable advance at the upper-lake ports, and more favorable advices from Europe gave quite an impulse to the market, and on Tuesday and Wednesday a decided advance was established; but this has since been lost, with daily fluctuations, induced by the variableness in gold and the changeable advices from the West in regard to the crop. From Iowa and Southern Minnesota our accounts in regard to the crop of Spring Wheat are not so favorable. The rust and scab are complained of, and there is some reason to apprehend very considerable damage from rust in other Northwestern states Some of our contemporaries at the West estimate the area under Spring six per cent. greater than last year. This does not agree with the information in our possession, which makes it about the same as last year. Much of the land prepared last autumn for Wheat was used for other grains; and, under all the circumstances, we shall be well satisfied if we secure as much Spring Wheat as last year. Of Winter Wheat we have made the largest crop ever produced in this country; but a portion will be secured in bad condition, and the quantity of injured Wheat is not likely to prove large. Southern Illinois has suffered the most of any other locality. The Southern States have been blessed with a splendid crop; and, as far as threshing has progressed, the result is a crop more than double that of last year—in some states threefold greater—and the quality invariably good, though we notice some of that offered is very foul. This, shippers should remember, impairs its sale, and should be carefully avoided. The surplus of the South, we think, will exceed that for any year since 1859, and dealers at the South cannot expect at present fancy prices to continue long, as they must soon conform to the limits of shippers' orders. Our receipts of Spring have been light, owing to the recent break in the canal; but we have added slightly to our stock of Spring, but that of Winter is reduced. The falling off in the receipts at the lake ports has induced some speculative demand for Spring. At the close the market is irregular and dull. Winter is lower and heavy, while Spring is firmer and in good demand for export. Barley Malt has been in fair demand and firm. Rye has been fairly active and has fluctuated; the stock is light and holders are firm. Oats have been pressed for sale; prices have declined and close heavy. Corn has been in fair demand, but at variable prices. Early in the week the more liberal receipts gave buyers some advantage; but later, with moderate arrivals and unfavorable crop reports from the West and a brisk speculative demand, chiefly for Western accounts, prices have improved, and holders appear confident of a further advance. The limited arrivals at the Lake ports and the unfavorable accounts at the West for the crop induce a brisk speculative inquiry, and the market closes strong for prime lots, which are scarce.

BROOM CORN.—The demand is fair and the market is steady at 17@23 cts. per lb.

COAL.—The market is less firm and is unsettled. Cargo prices cannot be given accurately. Sales from yard at $7@8 per ton.

COFFEE.—The demand for Rio has very materially improved during the past week, the jobbing trade buying quite liberally, and the market now shows a good, strong, healthy tone throughout. Prices are better by fully ¼ ct. per lb. and the offerings light, many holders looking for a still further advance. Current arrivals small. Other styles are also attracting more attention, and, though not actually higher, show some buoyancy. We quote at about 9¼@11¼ cts. for fair to good Rio, in bond; 13¾@17¼ cts. for invoices do., duty paid; 24@25½ cts. for Java; 16@19 cts. for Maracaibo; and 16@18 cts. for Laguayra —all gold.

COTTON.—We have again to record a very quiet week, with the moderate business transacted about evenly divided between spinners and speculators, nothing whatever being taken by exporters. The tone, however, has been pretty firm throughout, holders offering very lightly and mostly from odd parcels, more desirable to work off than to retain in store, and prices have not fluctuated more than ¼ ct. either way. Middlings have become quite scarce, and the selections are now made mainly from the two next lower grades. Receipts and stocks at all points are extremely moderate, and the general statistical position is strong. Foreign advices do not contain anything of special interest, though as a rule favorable. The speculative movement for future delivery has been large and at higher figures, say 20¾ cts. after December 1st for Low Middling. Crop prospects are canvassed to some extent; and, though as yet too early for reliable estimates, everything at present indicates a large yield. At the close the market is very dull and prices somewhat nominal at 34½ cts. for Middling Upland, to 34¾@35 cts. for do. New Orleans and Texas.

FLAX.—The inquiry is fair. Choice is not plenty. Sales at 16@26 cts. per lb.

GINSENG.——A moderate demand for Southern and Western at 85@95 cts. per lb., cash.

MOLASSES.—The general market still remains dull and very few goods have changed hands. Holders, however, evince more confident feeling; and, while they do not as yet ask an advance, are offering stocks moderately and only at full figures. Stocks are pretty large and rather increasing. We quote Cuba Centrifugal at 38@40 cts., do. Clayed 45@49 cts. Fair to Good Grocery, and 12¾ cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined have continued to sell freely at advancing rates, closing firm at 15½@16 cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed; 15¾@15¾ cts. for Soft White; and 14¾@15 cts. for Yellow.

TALLOW.—The market has improved and has been active. 11¾@11¾ cts. per lb.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JULY 20, 1869.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	15¾@16	16 @16¾
First quality	15 @15¾	15¾@16
Second quality	14¼@14¾	15 @15¾
Third quality	13¾@14	13¾@14¾
Inferior	10 @13	12 @13½
Average of all sales about	— @14	— @14¾

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	$90@100	$90@100
Good	70@ 85	70@ 85
Fair	50@ 65	50@ 65
Inferior and Common	45@ 50	45@ 50

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	10¾@11	10¾@11¼
Good	7¾@ 9	8 @ 9½
Common	6¾@ 7	7 @ 7½
Inferior	5 @ 6	5 @ 6¾

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice, per lb.	7 @ 7¾	6¾@ 7
Extra	6¾@ 6¾	6 @ 6¼
Good	5¾@ 6	5 @ 5¾
Fair	4¾@ 5	4¾@ 5
Common	3 @ 4¾	3 @ 4½
Extra Lambs	10¾@11	10¾@11¾
Good	9 @10	9 @10
Common to Fair	7 @ 8¾	7 @ 8¾

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed	9¾@10¾	12¾@13¾

GENERAL REMARKS.

There has been only a moderate demand for Beef Cattle the past week. The receipts have been less free; prices have declined and have been irregular. All grades close heavy and nominal. Milch Cows are in moderate supply, but equal to the demand, which is only moderate. Veal Calves have been less inquired after; and, with more liberal receipts, prices have declined. For good to prime Sheep there has been a good demand, and prices improved; but common stock is dull and not wanted. Swine is in excess of the demand, and prices are lower.

THE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS of the ROCKFORD, ROCK ISLAND, AND ST. LOUIS RAILROAD COMPANY pay principal and interest—1st February and 1st August—in GOLD COIN, *free of Government Tax.*

We recommend these bonds as one of the best-secured and most profitable investments on the market.

Pamphlets, with maps, giving full information, sent on application.

HENRY CLEWS & CO., Bankers,
No. 32 Wall Street.

OFFICE OF THE ROCKFORD, ROCK ISLAND, AND ST. LOUIS RAILROAD COMPANY.

The Coupons of the First Mortgage Bonds of this Company, maturing August 1st, proximo, will be paid on and after that date at the office of the Company, 12 WALL STREET, in U. S. GOLD COIN, *Free of Government Tax.*

H. H. BOODY,
TREASURER.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, July 19, 1869.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is considered believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, (and more perfective thanto any other newspaper in the city), is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the sunscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W.	15	Lowell	15¾
Merrimack, D.	13¾	Wamsutta	20¾
Cocheco, L.	14	Victory	10
Saracne	15¾	Wauregan	13¾
Pacific	13¾	Arnold	19½
American	13¾	Hamilton	13¾
Dunnells	15¾	Richmond	13
Allens	13	Gloucester	12¾
Manchester	12¾	Mourning	12
Nassau	12¾	Lancaster	13¾
Amoskeag	12¾	Oriental	12¾

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	17	Hartford	13¾
Berkshire	15	Roanoke	12¾
Caledonia	14	Glanowr	16

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A.	14½	Pepperell, B	15¾
Lawrence, A	14	" O	13¾
" F	14	" G	13¾
" M	14	" 7-8	12¾
" H	14	" 4-4	7¾
Pacific, Extra	16¾	" 9-4	42¾
" A	14	" 10-4	47¾
" L	14	Boot, S	14¾
Atlantic, A	16½	" O	12¾
" H	16½	" H	11½
" L	14½	" G	11½
" V	13½	Appleton, A	16¾
Shawmut, A	14½	Laconia, H	16¾
Augusta, F	14½	" B	14
Indian Head	14½	" G	12
"	12	Lyman, E	14½
Exeter, A	14½	" D	13
"	13	Tremont, A	13
Medford	14½	Indian Orchard	13¾
Aururia	13	" C	14
"	13	" B	12
Gilboa	13	" W	12
Pittsfield, A	14½	Great Falls, H	15½
Kennebec	14½	" E	14½
Everett, AA	14½	" M	13
Bedford, R	14½	" S	12
Pocasset	10	Cabot, A	14½
" K	10	Dwight, A	14½
Newmarket, A	13¾	" X	13½

BLEACHED MUSLIN.

New York Mills	25	Ballou & Son	15
Wamsutta	25	Lonsdale	14
"	22	" Cambric	16
Pascarora	19	Hill	14
White Rock	17	"	13
Forestdale	17	Bartlett	16½
Masonville	17	" 36-inch	14
Blackstone	15	" 30-inch	13
Hope	15½	James St'm Mills	15½
Langdon	15	" 37-inch	14
" 42-inch	17	" 31-inch	13
" 40-inch	16	Great Falls	13